

Julia B Nelson Jan95
221 6th St

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

-1895





COMPANIONSHIP.

Easy

to play.

To the thousands of people who have an ear for music, but have been denied the time to master a musical instrument for themselves, we bring welcome news. The "Easy to Play" of the Autoharp means music pure and sweet at the very first attempt and throughout every moment of practice. You can prove this statement at small expense, say \$4, \$5, or \$10, or if you will take our word for it, you can get a fine instrument for \$15, \$20, \$25, \$50, or even \$150. Our story, "How the Autoharp Captured the Family," will be sent free to "Companion" readers.

Easy

to buy.

Autoharp, Style No. 2³/₄, \$5.00.

(Illustrated above.)

If you cannot secure this style of your local dealer we will send C. O. D., or we will Prepay Express Charges to any place in United States if money is sent with order.

Eight Styles and Sizes, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$150.

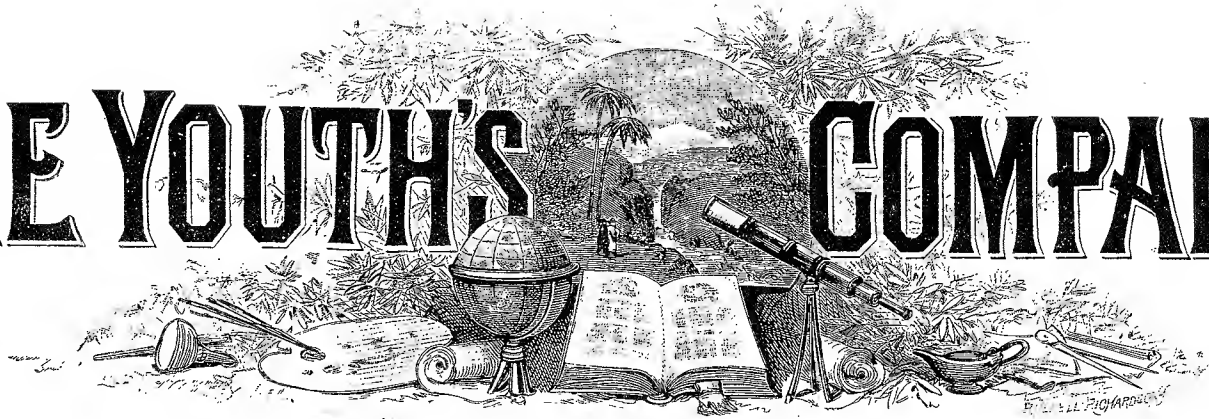
Send for Complete Catalogue of Autoharps, Music, and Furnishings, including Buttons, Picks, Tuning Keys, Pitch Pipe, Autoharp Hammer, Autoharp Brush, Strings, Cases, Bags, etc. Sold direct and in most cases may be sent by mail.

Inquiry concerning furnishings solicited.

Style No. 2³/₄, highly polished red-wood spruce sounding-board, 23 strings, 5 bars, producing the following 5 chords: C-Major, F-Major, B-Major, G-Seventh and C-Seventh. Celluloid thumb pick, music rack, instruction book containing 22 pieces of music, tuning key, brass spiral pick furnished with every Autoharp.

ALFRED DOLGE & SON, Dept. A, 110 East 13th Street, NEW YORK.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



Copyright, 1895, by Perry Mason & Company.

Number 3,535. 69th Year.
Sixteen Pages, including Eight Extra Pages.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895.

\$1.75 a Year.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

RUSSIA LEATHER.

An American Boy's Adventures in Archangel.

In Four Chapters.—Chapter II.

My Thank-God Day Dinner.

I had arrived at Archangel in June, when the nights were less than three hours long and could hardly be called nights, for there was a bright, yellow light around the northern horizon all the while.

But by August the nights were longer and the days much shorter. Frosts came on the last days of the month; and before September had passed snow-storms occurred, and the whole country took on a wintry aspect.

"After the Dwina freezes, look out for wolves," was one of the common sayings at Archangel. But the Dwina is a swift, strong river; its waters come from the far south, and although the temperature fell as low as ten degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, by the 20th of October, the river did not freeze over till the very last days of the month.

My first letters from home reached me on the second day of November. They came by way of St. Petersburg, and had been six weeks on the way. My Uncle Andrew gave me all sorts of shrewd advice; and there was also a letter from my mother, recounting the home news and expressing much solicitude for my welfare in a foreign land.

"You will not be with us on Thanksgiving day this year," she concluded, "but I shall lay your plate at the table and set your chair. It will be about the 19th of November, probably; and I hope you will think of us at home that day. We shall all think of you."

Russian dates are twelve days behind those of other countries in Europe and America; for in Russia the calendar has never been reformed, and the days are still reckoned by what we call old style. Thanksgiving day, therefore, was close at hand, and would occur on the seventh of the month, old style. I fairly yearned for the roast turkey, baked beans, plum-pudding and mince-pies of New England. Never had the boiled codfish, boiled barley and linseed oil, black bread and kvass filled me with such disgust as after reading that home letter.

For a great delicacy, Mother Olga sometimes set on a pot of strawberry jam, but instead of eating it with their bread, the Russians put it in their tea, making a drink I could not endure.

The good *popad'ya* did not wholly like my fastidiousness concerning her food. I longed for some doughnuts, and told her how my mother fried them; and one day, to humor me, she attempted to make some. But the barley meal dough failed to rise—and such a batch of doughnuts I never expect to see again. She had omitted to sweeten them. I ate but one mouthful, and she seemed to feel much injured at my failure to appreciate them.

Meantime I had made the acquaintance of Vissarion and Sorfélei Feodorovitch Golitzin, brothers of Mar'ya Feodorovna; of Filip Nikonovitch, son of the politzmeister, or chief of police; and of Irinarch Golitzin, the son of the governor of Archangel, who also lived on the great square near the house of the Knyaz' Golitzin, Mar'ya Feodorovna's father.

The governor was a good old Russian who stood very little on his dignity, and was commonly known through the town as "Dyadya," or uncle, while his wife, Anastasiya Ivanovna, was "Tétka" or aunt to all.

At that time the government in Archangel was not very severe. Occasionally there was a mysterious whisper of some evil-doer who had been sent to Siberia, but it was generally for good cause, I think.

There was no need for severity. The people of Archangel were so patriotic and devout that, but for *vodka*, or rum, there would have been little need of police.

On the day after receiving my home letters, I drove ten versts down the river in company with Ilarion, to Rusanov, where great sawmills are

located; for I wished to see how the Russians manufactured large lumber. While there I fell in with the Knyaz' Golitzin, who was then the owner or director of many of the mills.

He invited me to ride home with him in his *voshok* or sleigh, thinking I was on foot. Not to lose a chance to gain his acquaintance, I asked Ilarion to drive home alone, and joined the prince.

He was a large man, but spoke quietly, and with a slight stammer. On our way up to town he asked me many questions about America and our mode of self-government.

Having heard my replies, he inquired what was done with convicts in America; and I told him that each county and large town had its jail, and every state its penitentiary. He asked if there were political prisoners.

"No, Barin," I replied. "How can there be? Every man has the right to say what he pleases about politics. So long as he does not assault those who differ from him, no notice is taken of his talk. At our town-meetings every man who wants to speak, gets up and says what he likes."

He laughed and said that America was a long

while I told her of Thanksgiving and of the promise her father had made me.

"Then I will myself speak to Iliya, the cook, about it," she replied, "for he is a crusty fellow when he has a task that does not suit him."

She seemed pleased that her father had been so kind to me.

"I will invite you all to my Thanksgiving dinner!" I exclaimed. "I will show you what a good dinner is!"

We had come around the square to their house by this time, but I made as if I did not see the place and went by it, till she plucked at my sleeve, laughing heartily. I pretended that I did not believe we had come so far.

"And is that the custom in America, too?" she asked, still laughing.

"No, Mar'ya Feodorovna, it is not," I replied. "But I like to walk with you so well that I wish the distance were twenty versts." Thereat she bade me good morning, somewhat confused at my simplicity.

On Monday morning, as soon as it was light, I hurried to the Gostinyi Dvor, or city market; but

head. I tell ye what, beans is beans here. It cost me seven rubles a bushel to get 'em brought here by skippers from the United States."

"But I must have a mess," said I; "and I want a good, large mess, too. I want four quarts of dry beans, for I'm going to give a Thanksgiving dinner. I'll pay you for them."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Dunn. "But it's a terrible pity to have so many good beans as that spoiled by Rooshian cookin'. Why, there'd be four good potfuls!"

"Well, I must have them," said I.

"Tell you what," said he. "Fetch your pots here Wednesday, and I'll have my Desha bake 'em for ye. I'll see to 'em myself. If you're goin' to have beans at all, you want good ones. We can wrap the pots up in some woollen things and keep 'em hot. It won't take long to drive up there. Why," he cried, warming up to the idea, "I'll get a sleigh and fetch 'em up to ye myself, right hot out of the oven! What time o' day d'ye want 'em?"

"About three o'clock in the afternoon," said I.

"All right, my boy!" exclaimed Dunn, with a tremendous grin. "Just you get your pots here, and I'll fix ye out fer beans!"

I drove back happy. Then I thought of mince-pies. I could get meat enough for them, and I found one dealer in the market who had Russian apples. They were high-priced, but I bought about a peck; and I also bought raisins for a plum-pudding. As I could find no bean-pot in Archangel,

I borrowed four old samovars, or tea-urns, which answered the purpose very well. This done, I went home to Mother Olga, meaning to ask her to let me have my Thanksgiving at her table; but before I opened the subject Nikolai told me that Mar'ya Feodorovna and her brother Vissarion had called to ask for me while I was at Rusanov. It was night, but I at once ran to the Golitzin mansion.

Vissarion conducted me into the large sitting-room where sat the Knyaz' and the Knyaginya, with her sister, the Lady Eufrosiniya, and also Mar'ya Feodorovna and her younger brother, Sorfélei Feodorovitch. They welcomed me with great good humor, and told me that Vissarion and Mar'ya had gone to invite me to have my proposed festival at their house. I might give my dinner there, and bring in all my friends!

I was so glad that I gave a "Hurrah!" which caused them all to look a little wild for an instant. To show my appreciation of their kindness, I shook hands with all of them; but I knew that it was Mar'ya who had chiefly been instrumental in bringing it about.

After telling them all about my preparations, I said that it was customary in America for the young folks to have a sleigh-ride on the evening of Thanksgiving day, and that, if they approved the plan I would engage the Samoyedes with their reindeer sleighs to take us for a drive on the river after dinner.

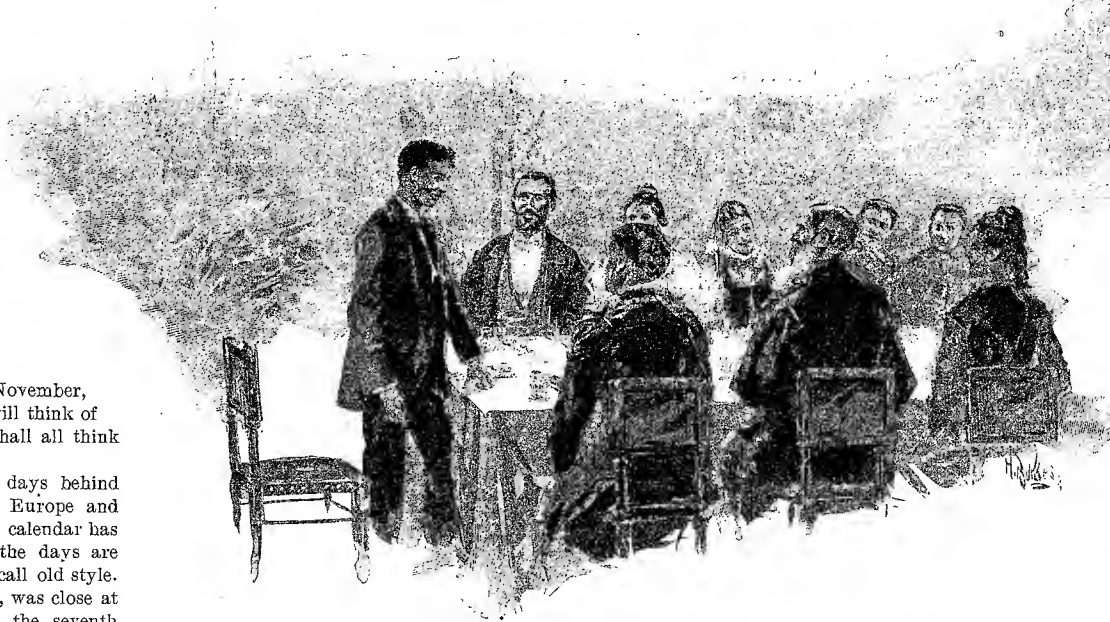
The Knyaginya scarcely knew what to think of it all, but she assented, with the others, to my programme; and she said to me, very kindly, that I had better bring all my stock of eatables to her kitchen, and tell Iliya what I knew of preparing all the dishes I had mentioned.

The Knyaz' asked me for the meaning of our Thanksgiving feast; and I told them as well as I could, in Russian, the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, and how Thanksgiving commemorated the harvest of their first crop from American soil.

"Well," said the Knyaz', "we shall expect you to tell us about that at table, for it is very interesting. None of our young people know anything of this festival. You must make a *pravda urok*,—opening speech,—all Americans are speech-makers, of course. You must rise at the head of the table at dinner, before Pope Gospodin says grace, and tell us all about it."

The idea of making a public speech, and in Russian, too, rather overwhelmed me. But I resolved to let them see that an American boy could speak publicly, if need rose; and during the next two days I thought of everything I could concerning the Pilgrims, the *Mayflower* and the early history of New England.

It seemed to me that I had a thousand things to



Andy tells the Story of Thanksgiving.

way from Russia. "But how do you like Russia, Andrei Stefanovitch?" he asked.

"I like everything at Archangel very well," said I. "That is, everything except the food."

"And why not the food?" he asked.

"Bah!" I said. "Excuse me, but there is nothing but codfish and boiled barley in Archangel!"

He laughed heartily, and said that he was afraid that Popad'ya Olga was but a bad cook. Then I told him of Thanksgiving, which would occur in America the next week, and what a feast I should have, if I were at home.

"Tchort!" he said. "That is too bad! But as for the beans, if you can find any in Archangel, my cook shall bake a potful for you, on that day."

He then told me that war had been declared against Russia by England and France—the Crimean War—and that it would not be strange if Archangel were blockaded.

"But we know that America sympathizes with Holy Russia in this controversy," he added, and bade me good night very kindly in front of the *sobor*.

This was on Saturday. The next morning, hearing the ringing of the cathedral bells for a special early *moleben* or service, I rose, dressed and went to attend it, although the sun would not rise for hours to come. Among the few present I saw Mar'ya Feodorovna, the only member of the prince's family who had attended. When, at the close of the service, she came out, I joined her and asked to accompany her across the square to her house.

"Is this the custom in America?" she inquired. "Indeed it is," said I. "We should think a boy a very rude fellow if he allowed a girl to walk home alone in the night."

She laughed and said that it was a merry custom. Accepting this as assent, I accompanied her. The distance from the *sobor* across the square to their house was but a few steps; but we walked around the square by the fire-tower, instead of across it;

not a white bean could I find there, nor any corn meal for an Indian plum-pudding. I had made arrangements for a few fowls, to take the place of the turkey. I went to ask Mr. Brandt, our consul, about it. He assured me that there was not a *bakable* bean in Archangel—only colored beans and few of them.

"Keep your appetite for baked beans till you go home," said he, laughing. But as I was going away, he called me back.

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "There's an American or a Canadian—I'm not quite sure where he comes from—who is foreman in one of the sawmills, at Rusanov. He was a mate of a brig that came here at one time for lumber; but he fell into some difficulty at home and remained here. I have heard that he lives in the American fashion; and he may have beans. His name is Amos Dunn."

I hired a Samoyede sleigh and drove down on the river. The mills were not running in November; but I soon found the log house where Dunn lived. He came to the door himself when I knocked.

"How do you do, Mr. Dunn!" I exclaimed. "Have you any beans?"

He was a weathered, tall, lean, harsh-featured man; and for a moment he stared at me steadily, as if he had forgotten the sound of English.

"Who are you? And what do you want of beans?" he said presently.

"To bake for Thanksgiving, next Thursday," said I; and I then told him who I was.

"Well, yes, I've got a few beans," said he, thawing a little as he heard me talk.

"Can you give me a mess?" I asked.

"Who's going to bake 'em for ye?"

"Prince Golitzin's cook."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Dunn. "He won't bake 'em fit to eat! None of these Rooshians know how to bake a mess of beans. My wife's a Rooshian woman, and I was a whole year teaching her to cook beans, and had to give her a larruping once fore I could beat the knack on't into her thick

attend to during those two short days. I had to engage Lizka and five other Samoyedes with their sleighs, I had invitations to carry to Filip, Irinarch and fifteen others, boys and girls; and of course I invited Orest', Nikolai, Lidiya, Eulampiya, and also Ilarion, though he had been crusty to me since the evening I left him in order to ride home with the Knyaz'. I had not dreamed of such an act of temerity as inviting the governor and his wife, but having received a hint that they would be glad to come, I bade them, too; and they came.

Thursday arrived, and at a few minutes before three o'clock Amos Dunn appeared in a reindeer sledge, on the run, with four pots of baked beans. How joyously I hailed him! My guests were already arriving.

Altogether there were twenty-six who sat down in the Knyaz' Golitzin's large dining-hall. Of course, as the host, I took the head of the table. I seated the governor and the Knyagina on my right; and the Knyaz' and the governor's wife at my left.

Next to these who occupied the seats of honor, I placed Mar'ya Feodorovna, whose happy and encouraging face helped me much in doing the honors of the occasion.

For an instant I felt quite uncomfortable; but I said to myself, "Andy Maxim, you are a New England boy, and if you don't do your country justice, you don't deserve to call yourself an American!"

So I stood up with a smile, and first bowed to the governor and his lady on the right, then to the Knyaz' and Knyagina at my left, and then generally to all my guests.

"*Moë predobroïd rooge!*"

I began, in the best Russian I could command. "My very kind, good friends, you who have greatly honored me by coming to my little festival, I thank you all; and with your kindly permission I will tell you something about it, and the reason it came to be celebrated in America and called *Slava Bohu Den*—Thank-God day."

From this I went on to relate, in brief, the story of the Pilgrims, their long voyage in the *Mayflower*, the landing on a savage coast, the winter hardships, the planting of the first crop in New England soil, how it was tended, and finally of the original Thanksgiving feast which followed the first harvest.

Naturally, I made many blunders; for often when I knew well enough what I wanted to say in English, I could not think of the proper Russian words; but these good people generously overlooked my mistakes, and as I went on, the room grew as quiet as an empty schoolhouse.

I now saw that Mar'ya Feodorovna was looking at me earnestly; for at first she did not look at me at all, fearing, I suppose, that I should break down or say something foolish.

When my little speech was finished, the governor and the Knyaz' cried, "*Yoorra! Bravo!*" The others joined in the applause, which they would have given out of courtesy, even if I had failed altogether.

Pope Gospodin asked a grace for my dinner, and now I had only to serve the beans to my guests, beginning with the governor and prince; for in Russia dignitaries at table are served before ladies.

After my older guests were served, I sent the first plateful to Mar'ya Feodorovna—a heaping one, too. The beans were deliciously baked, with good brown pork. The smell of them was a sweet fragrance to me, and I set my guests the good example of devouring a large quantity; but it was a new and strange dish to them, and only two or three sent their plates for more.

After the baked beans came roast fowls, which the servants brought in ready carved; and I now exhorted all my guests to look carefully for the "wish-bones." I was obliged to explain the custom of wishing with the dried breast-bone, for this homely rite was unknown at Archangel.

The plum-pudding was passably good, and the youthful Russians seemed to relish the mince-pies better than the baked beans. It was a good dinner, on the whole; and Ilya brought in, by way of dessert, large traysful of sweetmeats, filberts and three kinds of delicious *najiftas*, or cordials, made from wild berries gathered in northern Russia during the summer.

After dinner the large dining-room was cleared, and then I taught my younger guests such evening games and plays as were common at young folks' parties in my native village. Not one of them had ever played or heard of "puss-in-the-corner," "blind man's buff," or "chase the squirrel." Laughter rose in such gleeful peals that the old governor came several times to the open door to look in upon us and smile approval of our festivities.

At eight o'clock coffee was served instead of the usual tea, and then Orest' went to call up the Samoyede sleighs for our ride on the river.

With a tremendous jingle-jangle of bells and a wild, Samoyede "*Yoof-too-la!*" the reindeer sledges dashed across the square and drew up in

line before the house. Thus far my "Thank-God-day" dinner had been a perfect success, but the sleigh-ride on the frozen Dwina was still to come.

CHARLES A. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON.

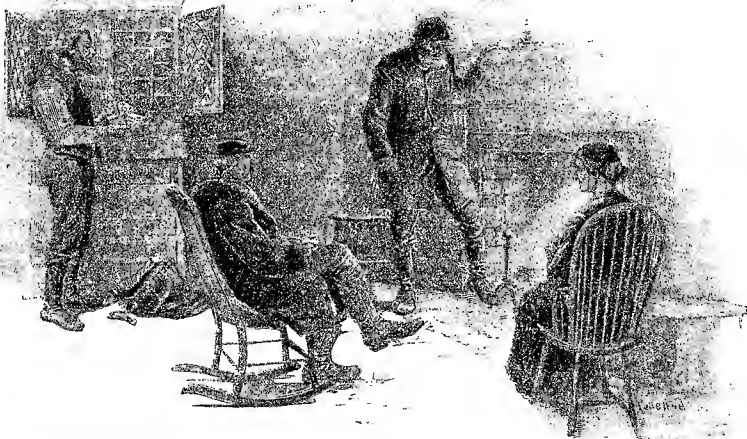
Washington is a watchword such as ne'er shall sink while there's an echo left to air.
Selected. —Byron.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY AT HARDYVILLE.

How a plucky little Teacher roused the People to Patriotism.

"Blame that pig-headed Schmidt!"

Squire Hardy was in the sitting-room talking to his wife. "To think of his kickin' just because



"Mr. Gates kicked his Feet against the Andirons."

the little schoolma'am is bound to celebrate the day! Her askin' for nothing except leave to use the schoolhouse! Confound him! The rest of the Germans 'd be patriotic enough—they are all 'round these parts—if Schmidt wa'n't so everlastingly down on us, and used his influence with the rest!"

"He's a well-meaning, peaceable neighbor, Hiram," said the squire's wife, placidly.

"So's horses and cows. Gimme folks that's got some public spirit in 'em. Think of the men that took up the land all round these parts when we come in—all full of Fourth of July. I wisht they hadn't been so keen to sell out at a profit—that's the worst of us Americans. When they sold out, of course the Germans come in,—couldn't blame 'em a mite,—an' Schmidt he come fust, an' he bejuggled all the rest. An' he's pretty nigh bejuggled the Gateses and two or three other American families like 'em, that's gettin' more like Schmidt year by year. Why, there aint been a mite of public improvement done this ten year back."

"Oh, now, Hiram, we've got the post-office."

"Yes—much thanks to the rest of 'em! It was me worked and kicked and badgered till I got them a tri-weekly mail, and much use they make of it!"

The squire gazed at the post-office as he spoke. It consisted of an ash "seketary" in one corner of the sitting-room, and was much more than commodious enough for the few letters and newspapers that came to Hardyville three times a week, brought from the county town, eight miles away, by a carrier with a gig. The squire was delivering his opinions as usual while waiting for the carrier to appear.

"I don't recollect much public improvements ever bein' in Hardyville," said Mrs. Hardy, dryly.

"There would 'a been," said her husband, testily. "There would 'a been if the Americans had kept on. To think of them beginning to sell out and move furdur west—just as they was gettin' their land into shape for havin' some time to themselves to improve things! Thank goodness, they *did* put up the church and schoolhouse—I guess we'd never have had neither if it wasn't for the American spirit here when this settlement begun."

"Sho, Hiram? You can't say but what the German folks keeps the church and schoolhouse going."

"Going—yes, going to rack and ruin all the same! Schoolhouse leakin' like sixty—and catch 'em taxin' themselves for a new roof! I wonder Miss Atworth can stay in the place—her and the children mirin' shoe-mouth deep in mud to get to school in the winter! Nary a rod of corduroy will they lay to give their own young ones a

decent walk. But they keep their cattle comfortable enough—that means money in their pockets. All they care about is having their corn and stock turn out well. They don't care if the hull township, and the hull Union, too, for that matter, was to go to the dogs. Hello! here comes Jack with the mail-bag!"

A little while later Squire Hardy was in the act of distributing the bag's small contents, when two farmers walked in without even stopping to stamp the mud off their cowhide boots. Mrs. Hardy kept on placidly knitting beyond the fireplace; she was used to such invasions of the sitting-room, from which she had removed the carpet soon after the post-office was granted to the sleepy settlement.

"Draw up to the fire, Mr. Gates," she said, hospitably. "Take that rocker, Mr. Schmidt."

Mr. Gates kicked his feet against the andirons to rid them of clay and snow.

"Cold day," he remarked, settling his coon-skin cap more firmly on his head. "What's this I hear about the new teacher?"

"Well, what?" snapped the squire, looking around. "Some say she's dead sot on gettin' up them doin's on Washington's Birthday."

"Well, s'pose she is?" said the squire. "She aint askin' nothin' but the schoolhouse for an evening, and I've got power to let her have that. I'm school agent, aint I?"

"I don't say the contrary. But to my way of thinkin', she's just a-wastin' time over a lot of foolishness. Hey, Schmidt?"

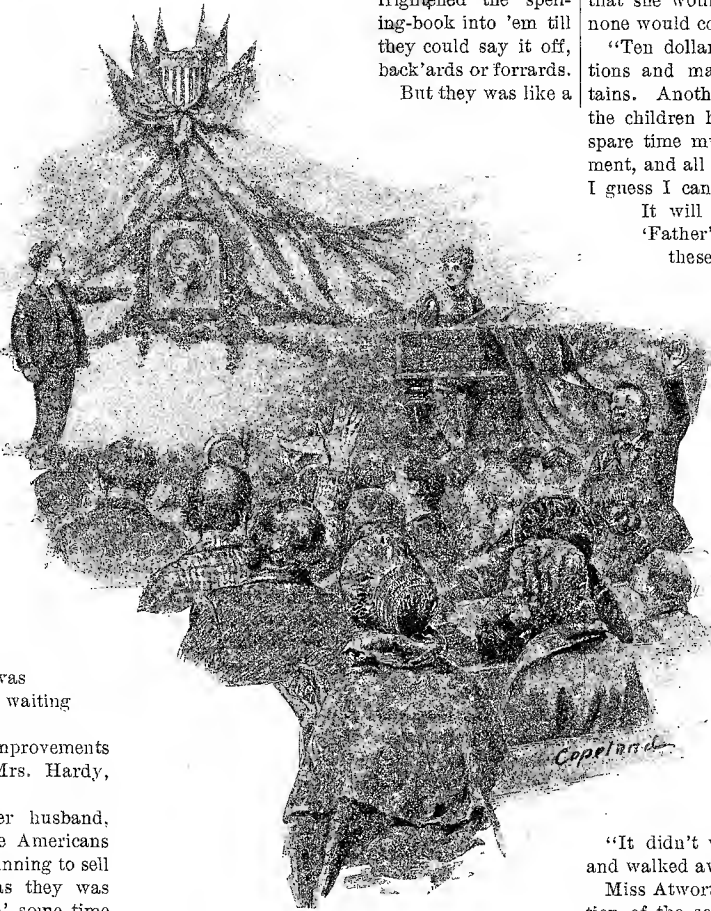
"Yah, das ist so!" assented the man in the rocking-chair, as he took his pipe from his mouth. "I tolt mein poy I shust dook

him out of school and put him to voork ven I hear some more of dose grazy ideas."

"Crazy? Nothing crazy about it!" interrupted the old squire, hotly. "I'll just tell you, gentlemen, it was a mighty good deed old Abel Dawson quit teaching here. He'd run along in the same old rut for the last ten year, till things had just about dried up. I made a visit to 'em last fall. I put some questions to the scholars, too. There wa'n't but four out of the hull of 'em that was exactly sure who the President of these United States was. Nary one could name the Vice-President!"

"Dey lairn goot vot vos in de book," said Schmidt.

"Yes!" roared the squire. "Abel stood over them with a rod, and frightened the spellin'-book into 'em till they could say it off, back'ards or forrards. But they was like a



"My Fatherland!"

lot of skeered parrots that didn't understand what they was saying."

"Dot vos more goot as learn 'em yoost foolishness—badridism and der flag and all dot plab 'bout der country and der Union."

"Look out, now, Schmidt! I aint goin' to set still and hear you calling patriotism 'blab.' I tell you in only nine weeks Miss Atworth's got the poor little souls waked up. They never knew before that they *had* a country. History and geography mean something to them now. She'll make intelligent citizens out of 'em if you'll keep your hands off. I'm out in my guess if she don't

give this whole township a shakin' up before this thing is over, and teach 'em some public spirit."

Mr. Gates gave a sniff. "They say she's had a piano hauled out from the city, too," he said. "Hope she don't intend to levy on the parents to pay for it. She'll get nothing out of me. I'll tell her that right now."

"Shucks!" cried the squire, as he handed Schmidt his *Zeitung*. "Neither of you needn't worry. She's too smart to expect to get blood out of turnips."

"Vell, all I haf to say," was Schmidt's parting remark, as he wound his blue woollen muffler about his neck, "if she keeps on mit dose voolishness, I dake mein Karl out of school, right away alretty. Dot vos better dot he voork as to vaste his time so."

"Poor little Miss Atworth!" sighed Mrs. Hardy, as she watched the two men tramp off together. "I'm powerful glad she's boarding with us. The whole neighborhood is down on her new-fangled ways. I'm going right out now and make something extry nice and hot for supper. It's pretty near sundown, and she'll come in soon all wore out with her day's work."

The little teacher did need the good cheer and "extry nice" supper that awaited her in the cozy kitchen, for she had felt much discouraged as she trudged homeward through the falling snow. Her pupils had nearly all been telling her the same thing that day. It was that their parents scouted the idea of helping her to celebrate Washington's Birthday.

She had come from a distant town to teach the Hardyville school in hope to lay up enough money to complete her art course; but now it seemed to her that something more important than art demanded her services and the small sum she had saved. The dull, colorless lives of the children appealed irresistibly to her sympathies, and she was often amazed at the utter absence of any spirit of patriotism.

"How could the poor children learn patriotism?" said Mrs. Hardy. "Their parents don't feel it, except for their Vaterland. And certainly nothing has been done by the public round here to make the children love this country. Such lives! The parents get up before daylight, and dig till dark. They usually force the boys and girls to live like overworked horses. All they think of is making money. That big room upstairs in the schoolhouse was built for a public hall. It has not been opened for fifteen years for any kind of an entertainment, not even a magic lantern show. It is the same old treadmill existence year in and year out. The children don't get their lives brightened—no public holidays are celebrated here, not even the Fourth of July. How can they love the country?"

"I shall certainly give them something better," Miss Atworth had said, and the upshot was her determination to celebrate Washington's Birthday. The indifference or hostility of the parents had but roused her American spirit, even to the resolve that she would bear the entire expense herself, if none would contribute from their plenty.

"Ten dollars," she reflected, "will buy decorations and material for costumes and stage curtains. Another ten will rent a piano. Most of the children have never even seen one. All my spare time must go to getting up the entertainment, and all my savings, too. Well, I'm glad—I guess I can give up so much for my country.

It will be worth while if I can make its 'Father's' birthday the greatest gala day these poor little souls have ever known."

Not a particle of encouragement did she get from any of the parents except Peter Dowling, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, and he was much more discouraging than he meant to be.

"Go on, I wish you luck, young lady," he would observe. "You can count on me for anything a one-armed man can do. But what's the use? I've tried and tried to get some 'Merican sentiment into these youngsters. 'Taint no go—and never will be. But you can count on me to hooray for you all the same. I'll be thar if nobody else is."

"Maybe you tried to scold them into patriotism, as the squire does," said the little teacher. "I don't think that's the best way."

"It didn't work, anyhow," said the veteran, and walked away.

Miss Atworth's programme, besides the decoration of the schoolhouse, comprised tableaux and the recitation of patriotic poems and addresses by her larger pupils. But most of the children soon received strict orders to hurry home at four o'clock, to attend to the milking and evening chores. They were also kept at work till the last possible minute in the morning. But with only noon-time and recess for practising their parts, her enthusiasm worked wonders.

"It ought to be a grand success," said Miss Atworth, as she took a final approving survey of the decorations the afternoon of the 21st. "Only it's a little too warlike. I wish I had an old-fashioned pruning-hook to hang across that sword between the windows."

"Mr. Schmidt has one," volunteered Sarah

Gates. "But he's so mad about our wasting so much time, as he calls it, that it's as much as a fellow's head is worth to ask him for it. I heard him tell pa he was going to keep Karl at home to-morrow night. Isn't that mean?"

"Keep Karl at home!" cried Miss Atworth, in dismay. "He couldn't be so mean as that!"

Karl was the brightest pupil in her room—a big, manly boy of sixteen. He was kept at home every spring and fall to help with the work, although his father was not poor. She had taken an especial interest in him from the first, had drilled him carefully in his declamation, and counted on him as the star of the entertainment.

"Pa wasn't going to let me come, either," continued Sarah, "till ma told him you'd picked me out of all the school to be the Goddess of Liberty, and that I was going to have a gold crown on, and gold stars spangled over my dress. Ma's awful proud because I was chosen to be a goddess."

The little teacher smiled. She was not without worldly wisdom, and had given Sarah such a prominent part in the hope that it might conciliate the whole Gates family. Fortunately nothing was required of the goddess but long hair and a pretty face—about all Sarah had to boast of. She simply could not learn.

Miss Atworth locked the door and started rapidly homeward. What should she do if Karl must be left out of the performance? A quarter of a mile brought her to the lane leading from the pike to the Schmidt place, and there she stopped with sudden resolve.

"I'll beard that old lion in his den, and ask him for his pruning-hook. That will be an excuse for going, and will give me an opportunity to plead Karl's cause."

It was nearly dark when Miss Atworth ran up the squire's front walk, and danced through the house into the kitchen.

"Oh, such luck!" she cried, gaily. "I went to see Mr. Schmidt, and some good angel prompted me to speak to him in German. It was such bad German—perhaps that's what pleased him. Anyway it thawed him right out. He lent me his pruning-hook, and showed me over his big barn. Of course I admired his fine cattle, and then, as he got more and more pleased at my showing such an astonishing lot of sense, I praised Karl so highly that he made a complete surrender. He is coming to-morrow night to bring the whole Schmidt family, from the old *grossmutter*, to the baby. Hurrah for Washington's Birthday!"

Never had the old public hall held such an astonished and delighted audience as the one that crowded into it that memorable night. Gay festoons of bunting, countless little flags, and wreaths of evergreen transformed the dingy old place completely.

A large picture of Washington placidly beamed from its place of honor. Over and around it, reaching almost across the stage, was draped a great silken flag, borrowed for the occasion.

Peter Dowling, in his old blue army clothes, with one sleeve pinned across his breast, sat far back, looking bewildered by the wonders the little teacher had accomplished.

Miss Atworth had arranged the programme with great tact. Each child felt prominent, and those who, she secretly knew, would be failures in anything else, were honored beyond measure when she skillfully grouped them into a series of effective historical tableaux.

"It's enough to make even a graven image feel patriotic," whispered Squire Hardy to his wife, as the children's sweet voices made the room ring with the grand old national airs.

Declamations followed each other in rapid succession. Then came a scene, with recitations, in which Uncle Sam and all the states of the Union took part. The very air seemed charged with the little teacher's electrical spirit of patriotic enthusiasm.

It was at its height when Karl came forward to give the famous speech of Patrick Henry. His delivery was so much better than the rehearsals had led her to expect that even Miss Atworth was surprised. He seemed to find an inspiration in the crowd. A storm of applause followed the "Give me liberty or give me death."

"What shall we do?" she whispered in dismay as the persistent clapping of many hands called him back. "I wish you had prepared for an encore."

"Oh, I know!" said Karl, and in another instant was on the stage again.

In the deep hush that followed, his clear, musical voice rose in German. He was reciting "*Mein Vaterland*." Old grandmothers who knew but a few words of English rocked themselves back and forth in excited delight; Mr. Schmidt beamed with vast smiles; many an eye grew dim, thinking of the old beloved home across the seas. But the boy was thinking of his own native country. There was no mistaking his meaning, as he turned in closing, to wave his hand toward the portrait and the flag:

"My Fatherland!" he cried with true feeling, and then, after a moment of general surprise, deafening applause broke out.

As it subsided Miss Atworth stepped forward to announce the last song, but Peter Dowling, his face aflame with new delight and old memories, rose, stalked up the aisle as if unconscious of all the eyes fixed on him, and swung himself up on the high platform with one long step.

"Friends," he began, "I've been livin' kind of

dead among ye for many's the year. Now I want to say a word or two. I aint no great at speechifyin', but these old songs and pieces we've been a-listenin' to, have spirited me up like the trumpet does an old war-horse."

As he spoke he waved the stump of his right arm so vigorously that the empty sleeve was torn from its pinning across his breast and flapped pathetically.

"I want to say," he went on, "that I fit for that old flag, and yet, livin' here so long, and never a celebration for young or old, I'd half forgot my patriotism. It's our school teacher has woke me up to seeing the truth. Now that we hev beat our swords into pruning-hooks, and peace has pitched her tent alongside ours to stay, I can't help thinkin' there's danger in settlin' down too comfortable and off gyard like."

"This country," he raised his voice higher, "aint teachin' its children enough of the feelin' of patriotism. It takes the same kind of principle to make a good citizen that it does a good soldier. It ought to be the very bone and sinew of every school in this whole land. I could talk all night on that subject, now I've got started. But what I want to say is this:

"I propose that we all get out our pocket-books, and throw in to get a handsome flag to fly over this schoolhouse. Take an old soldier's word for it, there aint no greater inspiration anywhere, to

father was so pleased. He is going to hire another hand and let me keep on till the end of the term."

"Then I need never regret my sacrifice," thought the happy girl.

That celebration was the beginning of better times in Hardyville. When the doors were barred for vacation, and the grass grew rank on the bare playground, the new flag still floated from the schoolhouse belfry.

Many a boy catching sight of the glorious flag as he plodded through the furrows behind his plow, felt himself lifted beyond the bounds of his little horizon, to some high plane of endeavor where all great things were possible. Still those beckoning folds teach a silent lesson of loftier ideals, and a broader humanity to people whom the little teacher thrilled with her enthusiastic spirit.

ANNIE FELLOWS-JOHNSTON.

UNCLE JACK'S CHICKENS.

How they came to his Christmas Dinner.—The Vindication of Green Hickorybottom.

Uncle Jack and his wife Narcisse lived in one of the little, crazy-looking, two-roomed houses of a long, dilapidated, populous Row. Behind the Row was a deep gully, and beyond this were thickets of hazel brush, varied by plots of blue



Uncle Jack displays the Thief.

make a fellow put in his best licks, and come out on top. Now, Miss Teacher, I'll just get the sense of this meeting."

He paused a moment, then turned to the audience: "All who want to express their thanks for this evening's entertainment, and are willing a collection should be took, say aye!"

Such a storm of ayes followed, that Peter caught up his slouched hat and began to pass it around, with his only arm. Dimes and quarters clinked into it, while an occasional dollar showed how deeply selfish hearts had been stirred by the uplifting influences of the hour.

Miss Atworth seated herself at the piano, and beckoned to the bewildered Goddess of Liberty to lead the states again across the stage. Some of the smaller ones straggled sadly out of line, but as Karl, at a nod from his teacher, caught the great flag from its place and stood with it in the midst of them, every voice rang out full and true on the chorus:

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

People seemed loath to go when it was all over. They came up to the teacher with awkward expressions of pleasure and appreciation.

"I'll never forget this night," drawled one faded, overworked woman, to whose eyes the rich colors and tinsel of the stage decorations had seemed a part of fairy-land. "That music was so sweet, and my little Meta looked like a picture with her hair curled, and that beautiful dress on you made her. I really didn't know she was so pretty. I'm going to fix her up and get her a lot of nice things after this."

"Well, it was worth while," said the little teacher, as she dropped into a chair at home, too tired to take off her wraps.

"Indeed it was," answered the squire. "Jake Schneider's new patriotism rose so he said he'd put a walk on each side of the school for half a mile, even if nobody'd help him. Then a lot of 'em began to talk it over. The upshot was that old Schmidt is going to give the logs, and they're all going to work to-morrow to hew them off and stake them down."

The next Monday morning Karl stopped at Miss Atworth's desk to say joyfully, "O teacher!

grass and clumps of wild plum and persimmon trees.

There in the summer birds sang and squirrels chattered, regardless of the squalor of their neighbors of the Row. Indeed, the neighbors regarded it little themselves. Their shining, ebony faces beamed with responsive smiles to every friendly greeting.

They worked enough to get their "cawn braid," with a little bacon to grease it; their clothing was, for the most part, the cast-off apparel of charitable people, and their favorite occupation was to collect in front of their respective doors, and there, with their chairs tipped back, laugh, sing, sun themselves, and indulge in the small talk peculiar to their race.

But the summer-time and autumn were past, Christmas at hand, and the pavement gatherings were reluctantly abandoned, for even in that Southern clime there was a chill in the air. Of all the occupants of the sometime "Row," the ones who most regretted the vanished delights of summer were old Uncle Jack and Narcisse.

They had been in their youth more industrious than their neighbors, and were still not unwilling to work moderately at anything they could do; but they were both very old, and decrepit. Uncle Jack found almost sufficient employment in gathering up brushwood for fires to keep their torpid blood moving.

They had not suffered, but their living was necessarily frugal, and now their happiest anticipations of the approaching Christmas were connected with the expected dinner. For they were actually to have chicken!

Not a drumstick or two sent in by some friendly neighbor, not a scrawny skeleton from the corner grocery, but two fine, yellow-legged Plymouth Rock pullets, just big enough for the frying-pan and weighted with fat.

The acquisition of these treasures had been a notable event in the straitened life of the old couple.

Early in September Colonel Blanchard, who had long exercised a kindly general supervision over Uncle Jack's affairs, employed him to clean up the rather extensive grounds surrounding the colonel's family mansion. This was a form of labor which the old man could do, if allowed to take his own time. He worked industriously, though slowly, and having removed every leaf and twig from the velvety green of the lawn, he turned his attention to the garden.

When Uncle Jack, with many a sigh and groan, began to pull up the tough, dry stalks of the summer cabbage, bringing up with each root a spadeful of dirt, the chickens began to gather for the feast of luscious grubs and fat angleworms. Among the rest he noticed one particularly fine Plymouth Rock hen, followed by two small chickens.

Presently Colonel Blanchard came sauntering

down the walk, and Uncle Jack innocently began: "Marse Kunnel, huccom yo' wid dese two li'l onnery chickens lak?"

"Oh, the hen stole her nest, and that's all it amounted to," said the colonel.

"Huh!" grunted Uncle Jack. "'Pears lak some hens is plumb fools. Dey's 'bleeged to know, ef dey knowed anyting, dat dem li'l chickens is gwine git fros'-bit. Dey is, fo' sho', Marse Kunnel."

As "Marse Kunnel" made no reply, Uncle Jack, after some moments occupied in raking, resumed the subject:

"Dese li'l chickens do bodder me uncommon! Dey's under my foots des continual, and I'm pow'ful skeered I'll squish 'em. 'Spect I'd better des shet 'em in dat ole basket Aunt Narcisse done gimme, fo' I do wan' to tromp um. Do' sho'ly dey wouldn't be no loss, kase dey's boun' to freeze, widout dey's took in de house and nussed."

Marse Kunnel laughed, and said, "Uncle Jack, it's evident you want the nursing job, so take them home with you, and see if you can raise them for your Christmas dinner."

"Tanky, Marse Kunnel!" chuckled Uncle Jack, as he removed his apology for a hat and swept the ground with it in a bow as low as rheumatism permitted. "Tanky! I kin mos' tas' dat dinnah dis berry minute. Nawcisse, she was de bestest ob de cooks on de old plantation, an'

de chicken she fried made de niggah's mouf water wussen anyting 'ceptin' twunz possum, baked wid sweet 'taters an' graby."

Uncle Jack could scarce await the completion of his work, in his anxiety to display his possessions to Aunt Narcisse. She, watching in the doorway, had a misgiving that the house was on fire or a cyclone on the way when she saw his hurry.

She was relieved when she saw him stop and peer under the carefully raised lid of the old basket, which he could not refrain from doing, even in his haste.

Then she threw her clean, though ragged, apron over her white, wool-covered head, and tottered with all her speed to meet him.

"Unc' Jack," quavered out her shrill, broken treble, for Narcisse had married Jack long after he had become "Uncle" and she "Aunt" to all their cotemporaries, "Unc' Jack, what dat yo' got in my ole basket what my ole miss done gib me mos' 'fo' I ebber seed yo'? Don' yo' go fo' to be brungin' me no li'l onnery mawkin'-buds. I wouldn't raise no li'l ole mawkin'-buds, not ef de elements was full ob um. An' I don' wan' no li'l snooky guinea-pigs, nudder. I allays did say, an' ole miss, she done say, too, dat guinea-pig smells."

As she spoke she reached Uncle Jack's side, and put out her hand for the basket; but with a deftness surprising in one of his years, he evaded her grasp and held it behind him.

"An' yo' 'fuse to raise a po', in'cent li'l mawkin'-bud fo' yo' ole man?"

"I p'intedly do." Aunt Narcisse was unsoftened by the pathetic appeal.

"Ner a po' li'l, fat guinea-pig, what's lossened its maw?"

Aunt Narcisse wavered perceptibly, but braced up again.

"Unc' Jack, yo' go 'long back to the kunnel's wid dat guinea-pig, and tell dat lazy Chloe to nuss it he'self. Shif'less yaller gal!"

Aunt Narcisse replaced her apron with a jerk of her old, white head and turned homeward. Then Uncle Jack, who had been undergoing inward convulsions, gave full vent to his mirth. The air resounded with his guffaws. His paroxysm was so violent as to threaten disaster both to himself and the contents of the basket. So Aunt Narcisse returned to his side.

"Whaffor yo' actin' up dish yer way? 'Fo' de Lawd, if 'twuzn't de wrong time ob de moon, I'd say yo' done gone crazy."

Grasping the old man's shoulders, she administered as vigorous a shaking as was consistent with her limited strength. But Uncle Jack had begun to recover himself, and now found breath to gasp out:

"Guess what's in dish yer basket. Sumpun' yo' lak, sho's yo' bawn."

Aunt Narcisse threw up her hands. "Dat

triffin' Chloe ain' no sich bad niggah, atter all. I des know she done sent me a chicken-foot. De berry las' time de kunnell's niece's fust husban' was dere Chloe done sent me fo' roas' chicken-foots. Roas' chicken-foots is mighty good eatin'. Gimme heah. I gwine eat it 'fo' I git home."

For reply Uncle Jack slowly lifted the cover of the basket, drew aside the cloth, and displayed the two downy balls, with only the wings adorned with what he would have called "sho' 'nough fadders."

Aunt Narcisse's delight was too great to be voluble. Between them they carefully carried the basket home, and comfortably installed their treasures in an old shed on the premises—a relic of more opulent tenants, who in times long past had kept a cow.

The chickens, as if they knew what hopes depended upon them, thrived from the first day. Most ungrateful creatures would they otherwise have been, for Uncle Jack's first thought in the morning and last at night was of them. Aunt Narcisse was most attentive, too; but it was left for him to scour the neighborhood for table scraps for their delectation, beg Marse Kunnell for a few ears of corn now and then for a change of diet, and strive to learn all about the possible diseases of chickens and their probable remedies.

This study, however, was love's labor lost, for the chickens remained in perfect health. When, on the morning of the 22d of December, Uncle Jack brought them in, one in each hand, as had been his custom for weeks, to display their satisfactory proportions to Aunt Narcisse's admiring gaze, she "hefted" them with delight in their unusual size.

"Unc' Jack," she said, "don' less yo' an' me eat bofe dem chickens fo' Chris'mus; dey's pow'ful big, an' one ob 'em 'ud mek a monst'us fine dinnah, an' den we'd hab a New Year's dinnah, too."

Uncle Jack turned a reproachful glance upon her.

"Aunt Nawcisse," he said, solemnly, and in better English than he was wont to employ, "not one singly time since de breff was in his body has Unc' Jack had 'nough chicken to fill his black hide. It do sho'ly seem," lapsing into his usual vernacular, "lak floppin' smack inte' de face ob Prob'ence to 'vide up dem chickens."

Aunt Narcisse was essentially a woman of peace, and she said no more. But Uncle Jack's untutored mind could scarce be expected to fathom the mysterious ways of Providence, and those two chickens were not destined to grace his Christmas board.

The next morning, when Aunt Narcisse had prepared their simple breakfast and called Uncle Jack from his regular morning contemplation of his riches, there was no reply. Again she called. Still no answering voice! It was only to a third and somewhat impatient summons that Uncle Jack came slowly up the uneven path.

She gave one glance at his face, and the coffee-pot dropped from her nerveless hand and scattered its contents over the rickety steps. Abraham, the cat, who had followed his mistress to the door, received his share, and with a wild shriek and distended tail, disappeared over a neighboring fence. But Aunt Narcisse had no eyes or thoughts for the cat, though Abraham was her dearest friend and companion.

"In de name ob de Heabenly powers," she almost gasped, as she staggered back into the old kitchen, "am it de las' day?"

Uncle Jack's face had the peculiar ashy look that corresponds in a black face to pallor in a white one. He followed her in and sank heavily into the old splint-bottomed chair he was wont to boast had come "fum Ole Vi'ginny," before he had got his voice under control.

"Aunt Nawcisse," he said, mournfully, "'tain't so bad as dat, tank de Lawd! but de nex' wuss ting is smote us. One ob dem lubly chickens, what wus de pearstest ting dat eber hopped on two yaller laigs," Uncle Jack's voice faltered, but recovered and went on, "dey's nuffin lef' ob hit but two po' li'l tail-fadders," there he broke down.

Aunt Narcisse was already so terror-stricken that no announcement, however dreadful, could make her condition worse. So she remained in her original attitude, half-bent, with hands on her hips, peering into Uncle Jack's face.

"What—what—" she stammered, "what yo' t'ink done gone wid it?"

"Dat mean, onnery, low-down, triffin' niggah, Green Hickorybottom, done it. Dat's what. I was showin' um to his ole fadder des day befo' yistiddy, an' I 'low Green done foun' out 'bout um. Dat ole man wouldn' bodder nobody, but dat Green is meaner dan pu'sly."

Aunt Narcisse straightened herself up and went to the rescue of her coffee-pot, which had attracted the attention of a marauding pig. "I gwine make nudder pot ob coffee, an' den yo' go ober an' see de ole man. Maybe he done cotch up wid dat niggah's meanness."

Uncle Jack ate his breakfast with little appetite, and started out to prosecute his search, while Aunt Narcisse awaited the result in anxiety. His return brought no cheering news. Green, the suspect, vigorously denied having ever even so much as seen the chicken; and as the trustworthy old father testified that he had not brought it home, nothing could be done. Yet Uncle Jack's opinion was unchanged.

He knew there was ready sale for fat young Plymouth Rocks at the convenient grocery, and Green's nimble fingers were quite capable of

removing all means of identification in a sheltering thicket.

But as the day wore on the naturally buoyant spirit of the old people revived. They felt at times some pensive regret for the departed chicken, but consoled themselves by thinking how large and fat was the remaining one. Uncle Jack almost decided that he might still be satisfied.

He told Aunt Narcisse he would get up early in the morning and kill the chicken, so that she might dress and hang it up in the now frosty air until next day, when he thought it would have attained the perfection of flavor. The morning found the old people bustling about their respective duties; but the boiling water Aunt Narcisse had provided for the scalding of the precious chicken continued to boil and bubble, and still the chicken was wanting.

A vague uneasiness began to pervade Aunt Narcisse's mind. She opened the door and looked out, but nothing met her gaze. Uncle Jack was still in the shed. She hurried down the narrow pathway as nimbly as her old legs would carry her, and opened the shaking door.

There, on an old, unsteady bench, sat Uncle Jack, his head bowed on his hands. He looked up as she entered, pointed to a few scattered feathers on the floor, and again dropped his head.

The poor old woman scarcely needed the gesture to tell her that her last hope of a Christmas dinner had fled, and with a groan she threw her apron over her head and sank down on the old bench, that swayed and trembled under her weight.

From this crushing blow the old people found it hard to rally; their disappointment was too keen for the usual alleviation of misfortune by their race—talking over their troubles. They tacitly avoided the subject, except when compelled to broach it by the advent of some one of the neighbors in the "Row."

One sympathizing soul, on finding this last calamity reduced their Christmas cheer to bacon and corn bread, kindly sent them a few potatoes. Aunt Narcisse was touched by this mark of her neighbor's thoughtfulness and thanked her warmly, though she privately confided to Uncle Jack that she "did wish dey'd been sweet 'taters. Sweet 'taters is mo' Christmassy."

Another minor grievance, since their menu had now become so limited, was the lack of an egg for the corn bread.

"Hoecake's pow'ful good eatin'," ruminated Uncle Jack, "but fo' a sho' nuff dinnah 'pears lak a body bledged to hab aig hraid."

"Fo' massy's sake," broke in Aunt Narcisse, whose usually serene temper had suffered shipwreck from repeated trials, "what's de diffunce? We ain' got no Christmas dinnah, an' it's no use to pretend lak. We ain' got no Christmas, nudder. De Lawd done fo'git us sho'."

Uncle Jack's spirits were not equal to contradiction, and silently the day, gloomy to them though flooded with brilliant sunlight, wore into gloomier night.

They retired early, hoping to forget their troubles in slumber, and were so successful that Uncle Jack only opened his eyes when a bright ray of Christmas sunlight fell across them, through a rent in the curtain that had seen better days.

He then bestirred himself to get the fire started for Aunt Narcisse, and when she was busied about the stove, from sheer force of habit he started down the path that led to the little shed.

Almost unconsciously he opened the door and walked up to the old manger, half-filled with straw, where the chickens were wont to wallow. As he approached, a dull gleam of something white in the further corner caught his eye.

"I beliehe my soul, one ob dem pullets done laid Nawcisse an aig fo' her cawn braid," he muttered, as he hurriedly reached his hand in the manger.

A howl, a backward tumble, and Uncle Jack was sitting on the floor nursing a lacerated finger.

"Dat aig done got teef, or else dey's a rat or a weasel 'long side it."

His eyes were now becoming accustomed to the dim light of the shed, and he gathered himself up to investigate. Cautiously he approached the manger and peered in, closer and closer, until with a swifter and more dexterous movement than one would have deemed him capable of, he jerked something out and held it at arm's length.

Something furry and soft, of a mingled white and gray color; with round, gray eyes, long, sharp nose and wicked little white teeth.

Uncle Jack's cracked old voice sounded forth such a shout of delight that it reached Narcisse in the kitchen, and she gained the door in time to see the old man almost bounding up the path, swinging his captive in one hand, his old hat in the other—leaving his hald, black pate glistening in the sun.

He was entirely out of breath and incapable of speech, but no words were needed from him. Aunt Narcisse was equal to the emergency.

"Fo' de goodness sake, Andrew Jackson Peyton, has yo' got a possum? Yo' has fo' sho'. Halle-luger! De Lawd ain' fo'git us atter all. An' dat's what's done an' been an' carried off dem pullets! But I ain' min' about de pullets now; dey's nowhur to possum meat. Dere's no kin' ob eatin' dat des melts in de mouf lak possum, an' we ain' nuvver had none sence de yeah befo' de big snow."

Here Uncle Jack, having regained possession of his lost breath, interposed a good-natured authority.

"Hush up, 'oman, an' git yo' water to bilin'. Dis yer possum'll be done ready to parbile fo' yo'

kin tn'n roun'. Dey's no time to fool roun' talkin' wid a sho' nuff Christmas dinnah to git."

And a "sho' nuff" Christmas dinner it was; for hardly had the possum started merrily to boiling, when a knock at the door heralded the advent of a peck of the coveted sweet potatoes, sent by Colonel Blanchard, and closely followed by two mince-pies from his wife, flanked by a generous loaf of bread and a half-dozen eggs.

"Hit's sho'ly mo' dan dis po' niggah dese've," and Aunt Narcisse dropped a grateful tear in the basket, "fo' she was des one ob de stiff-necked and rebellious yistiddy."

But this was no time for introspection, for here came all the occupants of the "Row" in a body, to say "Christmas giff" to Uncle Jack and Aunt Narcisse; and for the next ten minutes all was uproar and jollity.

When the neighbors had all gone and quiet reigned again, Uncle Jack broached a subject he had been pondering ever since the discovery of the possum.

"Dat Green Hickorybottom's a wuffless niggah, but we know now dat he didn' do what we scused him ob; so I wuz a-cogitatin' dat we'd up an' ax him an' his ole fadder to he'p eat dis Christmas dinnah."

"Foh sho'," said Aunt Narcisse. "An' we'll ax ole Mammy Jinny, what ain' got no folks—I reckon she nebber did hab none—an' li'l lame Sally—I 'low her folks is wuss 'n none—an' den de table 'll des be full."

The programme was carried out to the letter. When they were all seated at the creaking old table, and Uncle Jack had tried the edge of the old case-knife, newly sharpened to do duty as a carver, he looked up at Narcisse with a quizzical twinkle in his eye.

"Does yo' ricollix dat we ebber had possum meat an' chicken at de same dinnah befo'?"

Aunt Narcisse's gaze wandered over the table in a puzzled way. "What's de ole man talkin' 'bout? We ain' got no chicken."

"Yes, we is; de possum done eat de chickens," Uncle Jack paused to chuckle, "an' now we gwine eat de possum. Yah! yah! yah!"

Then he reverently bowed his old white head. "Lawd, hress dis Christmas dinnah an' gib Dy grace to dese, Dy po' chillun, fo' Christ's sake." From all around the table, even the "wuffless" Green, came the response: "Amen!"

ELIZABETH C. WILKERSON.

LAFAYETTE'S SON IN AMERICA.

Toward the close of August, 1795, two interesting passengers landed in Boston from a French ship, and found lodgings in the city. One of them was a gentleman of mature age and scholarly bearing; the other a youth of sixteen. They were, in fact, tutor and pupil. The tutor was a priest, who was addressed as Monsieur Frestel. The young man, who was called Monsieur Motier, was an unusually well-behaved, modest and agreeable person.

It was the evident wish of the strangers to avoid observation. But there were many Frenchmen then in Boston, fugitives from the Reign of Terror, and almost before the newcomers had reached their boarding-house, it was whispered about that Monsieur Motier was no other than the only son of the Marquis de Lafayette. It was even so. The name of the lad was George Washington Motier de Lafayette, born in 1779, when General Lafayette was in the service of the United States.

The marquis himself was at the time a prisoner in a German fortress. Madame de Lafayette had also been imprisoned; but by the good offices of Mr. Monroe, our minister to France, she had been released. Mr. Monroe also advanced her money, and undertook to send her son to the United States to continue his studies, while she set out with her daughters to share her husband's prison.

Her letter to President Washington was very simple and touching.

She wrote that "with the deepest and most sincere confidence" she put her son under the protection of the United States, "which he has ever been accustomed to look upon as his second country, and which I myself have always considered as being our future home." She expressed a wish that he should lead a very secluded life in America, but that he should resume his studies, "that he may become fit to fulfil the duties of a citizen of the United States."

Monsieur Frestel lost no time in communicating to Washington the letters he had brought from Mr. Monroe and the mother of his charge. The President was most deeply attached to Lafayette; he had personally sent money to Paris to relieve the distress of the family, and he was profoundly moved by the misfortunes of his old friend. Nevertheless, he was at a loss to know how to act on this occasion. For the government of France had proclaimed Lafayette a traitor and a deserter, and Washington was the executive of a country which was conspicuously friendly to France. The embarrassment which he felt is stated in a letter which he sent to George Cabot, of Boston, just as he was about to set out for Mount Vernon, only an hour after receiving Monsieur Frestel's letters.

He assured Mr. Cabot that he would be a "father, friend, protector and supporter" of the young man, but advised that they should not go to Philadelphia at present. He further advised that the young man should be entered at Harvard College, and promised to defray all needed

expenses. After consideration and consultation it was deemed best that Monsieur Frestel and young Lafayette should remove to New York, where they would be the guests of a French gentleman, until the President should direct otherwise.

It was soon found that the strict seclusion desired for the young man could not be had in New York, and tutor and pupil removed again, to a village in New Jersey.

Congress, during their next session, appointed a committee to inquire whether it was really true that a son of Lafayette was in the United States, and if so, to consider how Congress could evince by attentions to the son the gratitude due to the father. The committee wrote to the young gentleman, who replied in becoming terms, but declined the invitation given him to visit Philadelphia.

Soon after, General Washington himself invited him and his tutor to come to Philadelphia and take up their abode in his house; which they did, and remained members of the general's family as long as they were in America. They accompanied Washington when he returned to Mount Vernon after leaving the Presidency, and witnessed the enthusiastic reception of the great man in Baltimore and Alexandria.

When, in 1797, the joyful news reached America that Lafayette had been released from his prison in Austria, the young man returned home at once. He sailed from New York October 26, 1797, after a residence in the United States of two years and two months. He carried with him a letter from General Washington that keenly gratified both his parents. The general bestowed the warmest praise upon the young man, and upon his tutor.

After a joyous meeting with his family, George Lafayette entered the French army and served with considerable credit in Italy and Holland. He survived until 1849, and left two sons, both of whom have been members of the national legislature. George Lafayette accompanied his father in his triumphal visit to the United States in 1824, and adhered always to the republican convictions he had imbibed in his youth.

MY AUDIENCE WITH THE MIKADO.

A near-to Glimpse of an Emperor.—A silent interview.

Previous to twenty-five years ago,—some years after our Civil War was ended,—the Japanese people considered their ruler, the Mikado, to be such a sacred personage that no ordinary human being, excepting those who were in immediate attendance upon him, ought even look upon his face. But in these days it is a common thing for his Majesty to appear in public, and often he is seen driving in an open carriage with only a small escort of cavalry.

The Japanese have many different ways of speaking of their sovereign. All these ways are profoundly respectful. Some of the titles employed are so long that foreigners do not pretend to use them, unless they speak very scholarly, classical Japanese, and are conversing with high-rank officials of the country. His official title in Japanese is Kotei, which means Emperor.

When speaking the Japanese language with the ordinary native, we generally employ the title Ten-chi Samma to designate the emperor. This means "Heaven-appointed Lord," and to the Japanese mind it carries that lofty idea.

In English the proper title is Emperor, not Mikado, which signifies "Honorable Gate." The term Mikado is now considered to be obsolete, and as belonging to the olden times when Japan was not so civilized as at present.

For several centuries the government was usurped by the Daimios, or lords, one of whom, sometimes called the Great Shogun, and sometimes the Tycoon, was the real sovereign. But all this time the legitimate succession was maintained, and the Mikado was held in the highest honor, although deprived of all power. At last, in 1868, after a short struggle, the power of the Daimios was overthrown, and the Mikado became an autocratic sovereign.

Nevertheless, even in the days of the usurpation, whenever the Great Shogun sought an audience of the Mikado at the imperial palace in the old capital of Kyoto, he conducted himself with mock humility. The nominal sovereign was seated on a dais at one end of a large room. Before him hung a curtain, or rather a beautiful screen made of very fine strips of bamboo closely woven. It was usually painted a light green color, and ornamented with a handsome cord and long tassels.

This curtain concealed the upper part of the Mikado's body and the whole of his face, so that only his form could be indistinctly seen through it. We might, perhaps, call the room where this audience was held a throne-room, only that there was no throne or anything to sit on. In those days the only chairs in Japan were in the temples, and were intended for the use of the high priests, whose vestments were of heavy brocade, so stiff with embroidery that they could not *suwari*, or squat on their heels in proper Japanese fashion.

The Mikado squatted down on the soft mats of the dais. These mats, the same size as those which covered all the floors of the palace, differed only in elegance from those which were, and are to-day, used in every house throughout Japan.

The minister was required to prostrate himself on the mats below the dais, and to keep his face close to the floor all through the audience, listening respectfully to the voice of the Mikado as it came

muffled to him through the screen, and replying in humble language.

When the Mikado went out of his palace, and that was not very often, his sacred feet were not permitted to touch the ground. He was carried in a palanquin, the sides of which were closed by screens so that nobody could have seen him had they dared to look toward him.

When the guards who preceded the ruler cried, "Shita ni!" (Down!) every person who was within hearing sank upon his knees, prostrated his face into the very dust of the earth, and remained in that position until some time after the royal procession had passed. Those who were in their houses retired into the back rooms, where they could neither see nor be seen.

Had any one dared to look down upon the Mikado's cortege from an upper window, his head would have paid the forfeit of his insult. Even to this day no one is permitted to look on the emperor from an upper window of a building, or from any position higher than his Majesty's face.

It seems not to be generally known that foreigners are permitted to reside at but very few places in Japan. Those seaports and interior cities where we can freely live are called treaty ports, and are but seven in number. Nagasaki, one of the ports, has been open to the commerce of the world for several centuries. The Portuguese were living there not long after Columbus discovered America. But the others have been opened for about thirty years only. One can travel freely in all parts of the empire if one has passports from the Japanese government, but one may not reside off the "concessions" at the treaty ports.

In 1875, when the country had thus been thrown open to foreigners a little more than before, the Mikado changed his title to Emperor, because he claimed to have united the kingdoms of Japan and of the Loochoo Islands under one sovereignty. He at that time came out of his former retirement in Kyoto, and removed the capital to Yedo, the name of which he changed to Tokio.

At first he received in audience only the diplomatic representatives of the nations with whom he had made treaties of friendship and commerce. Then the circle of those who were permitted to see him face to face gradually widened, until now he is as approachable as most monarchs are, although he does not mingle quite so freely with the mass of his own people as do some of the sovereigns of Europe.

In 1887, when I was teaching English to some three hundred boys in the Government School in Osaka, the emperor and empress, with their suites, came to that city and remained for about a week. The principal reason for their coming was that the emperor might hold a review of his troops in the western garrisons; but they also wished to meet some of their loyal subjects who could not visit the modern capital, Tokio. Moreover, they desired to show themselves to the populace of Osaka, the second largest city of the empire.

I was somewhat surprised and altogether pleased at being told one day that the emperor had expressed a wish to have me presented in private audience at the school the next morning. Apart from the curiosity which I had to see an emperor face to face, I thought that, as I was in his service, it was only proper and becoming in me to consider such an expression of a wish as equivalent to a command which I should obey.

Therefore I promptly responded to the request of the director, the principal officer of the school, to come to his office that afternoon to be shown just how the audience would be conducted.

His office was a small room, only about sixteen feet long and fourteen feet wide. It was entered at one corner from a narrow hallway. In the side, diagonally across from this entrance door, was a wider glass door opening on to a veranda, and in each of the other sides was one window. I found that all the usual furniture had been taken out, a new carpet laid, fresh curtains put up at the windows, and heavy drapery hung over the large glass door.

A beautiful old screen was stretched across one-half of the room just inside the small entrance door, and at the farther end of the room were a small, handsome table and a comfortable arm-chair. The maps which generally hung on the walls were all taken down, and an engraving of his Majesty placed on the side wall near the table.

The director told me that I was to enter through the small door and pass sidewise out from behind the screen, when I would find myself face to face with the emperor. Then I was to stop an instant and make a bow, which would be returned; I was then to take three steps forward, stop again, and make another bow and wait for his Majesty to acknowledge my salutation.

After that I was to retire backward until I found myself clear of the screen, when I was to bow a third time, and as soon as this last salutation was acknowledged by the emperor, I was to pass sidewise behind the screen and then leave the room.

I was particularly cautioned not to do anything hurriedly. I was told that I was to be ready promptly at eleven o'clock the following morning, and that I was to wear evening clothes, as, not being an officer of the army or navy, I had no uniform.

I was promptly at my place the next day, you may be sure, and the programme was carried out just as it had been arranged, for, unlike a good many other important personages who seem to think it beneath their dignity to keep appointments, the emperor was also ready at the time mentioned.

Before I entered the room the director asked me if I felt nervous, and seemed to be surprised when I said that I did not feel at all so. He appeared to think it was an occasion where I ought to be greatly embarrassed. But I could not have that dreadful awe which inspires the Japanese, who still think their sovereign something almost more than human.

When the right moment came I passed into the room, slipped out from behind the screen as I had

admitted to that private audience by their sovereign, they were even a little more deferential than before. For a long time, whenever we had conversation exercise to encourage them to try to speak English, they used to ask me questions about my audience, and evinced the greatest interest in the subject.

JOSEPH KING GOODRICH.

HOW BOYS ARE TRAINED FOR THE NAVY.

By the Hon. Hilary A. Herbert,
Secretary of the Navy.

The Naval Academy.—The Apprentice System at the Training Station.—Rewards and Requirements.

During 1893 the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina* were exhibited in the harbor of New York, and afterward at the World's Fair, in Chicago. Many of the readers of *The Youth's Companion* had the pleasure of seeing them. When compared with the great vessels of the present day, they looked almost like toy ships.

So small, indeed, were they, that they were towed up the St. Lawrence River and through a canal into the waters of the Great Lakes; yet it was in little ships like those that Columbus crossed the Atlantic and discovered America. Every one agrees that Columbus was the greatest sailor of the world.

After the new continent had been discovered by Columbus, other brave sailors explored its coasts. These carried back to Europe news of its climate and its soil, but the new country was inhabited by savages and was full of wild beasts, and it was only brave and adventurous people who had the courage to cross the ocean and make their homes in the new continent.

There were many courageous people, however, among the seafaring nations of the Old World, and these came over from time to time and settled in this country, until at length the thirteen American colonies became strong enough, by reason of immigration and natural increase, to win their independence and become the United States of America. Thus our country was peopled in the beginning by hardy and adventurous settlers from seafaring countries.

For a long time all the settlements were on the sea-coast; and, indeed, all our thirteen original states lay along or were accessible by rivers to the Atlantic Ocean. Not only their trade with Europe, but nearly all important traffic between themselves, was carried on by water.

Our country could not have been discovered, it could not have been settled by white men, and it never would have prospered, but for the sailor.

The skill and courage displayed by our sailors in their fights during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, when they were fighting against great odds, have attracted the admiration of the world, and the deeds of valor performed by American sailors in the Civil War show that our sailor-men of that day were worthy of their predecessors.

All this was to be expected. The American takes to water by inheritance and instinct. It is as natural for him to be a sailor as it is for a duck to swim. It is perfectly natural, too, that all patriotic Americans should take pride in the exploits of our naval heroes. Every boy should read the stories of Paul Jones and Decatur and Somers and Hull and Perry and McDonald and Farragut and Porter.

The brave old ships of which our navy was once composed are rapidly passing away, and our government is now building a new navy, composed of modern ships and high-powered guns equal to any in the world. The purpose of this article is to give some account of the boys that are wanted as sailors for these ships, and of the manner in which they are trained to perform their duties.

The dangers of the sea are often overestimated. With a good ship, good officers and a well-trained crew, a voyage upon the ocean is not more dangerous than crossing a crowded street in a great city. The discipline on such a ship, however, must be strict, and orders must be implicitly obeyed, for the whole crew must act as one man. If the ship is to avoid collision with other vessels, if it is to make ready for a storm, even if it is only to land at a wharf,—whatever it is to do,—the crew must carry out the will of the commanding officer.

So much depends, indeed, upon the officer in charge of a vessel that it has become a maxim among English merchants, "First get your captain, and then get your ship."

If this be true of merchant vessels, still more does it apply to ships of war. It is therefore proper, in telling about how sailors are trained, to give some account of the manner in which our government selects and trains the officers who are to command them.

Line officers of the navy, which means commanding officers, engineer officers, who are to superintend the building and running of ship's engines, constructors, who are to build and repair our naval vessels, and officers to command marines, are all now educated at the Naval Academy, situated at Annapolis, Maryland. Each congressional and delegate district in the United States is entitled to keep at this academy one cadet, nominated by the representative of the

district, and the President keeps there ten, nominated by himself from the country at large.

Our government recognizes the fact that officers who are to build and repair modern ships and engines and guns, and to command them on the high seas, must be thoroughly educated in all the branches of modern science, and therefore the standards for admission to the academy and for graduation are both very high. Fully one-third of the boys appointed fail upon examination to enter, and more than one-third of those who enter fail to graduate.

These failures, many of them, result from physical causes, as officers must be sound not only in mind but also in body. The boys thus selected from every portion of our country, and subjected, before being commissioned, to six years of the most diligent and rigorous training, come to constitute a body of officers at least equal, if not superior, to those of any navy in the world.

Some of the boys of each class standing highest on their final examinations are selected each year to go abroad and take further courses of study in steam-engineering and naval architecture.

The government is using every effort to secure the very best officers and very best ships and guns. To man these ships it needs enlisted men. Enlisted men, it must be understood, occupy subordinate positions. The education received in the training school is not sufficient to qualify boys for commissions. Those, however, who go through that school and perform their duties well do become qualified to fill places as petty and warrant officers.

Among enlisted men are seamen, divided into three classes, petty officers, also divided into three classes, and warrant officers.

The total number of enlisted men of all classes now allowed by law is nine thousand, including fifteen hundred boys who are taken in as apprentices. These boys are usually enlisted at either the United States Ship *Richmond*, at Coaster's Harbor Island, near Newport, Rhode Island, the United States Ship *Minnesota*, New York City, the United States Ship *Wabash*, Boston, Mass., the United States Ship *St. Louis*, League Island, Philadelphia, Pa., or the United States Ship *Michigan*, on Lake Michigan.

Recently enlistment has been temporarily discontinued at all these stations except on board the *Minnesota*, for the reason that the number of enlisted men has now nearly reached the quota allowed by law. It is hoped that Congress will at its next session extend the number of sailors allowed, as those now authorized are not sufficient to man the vessels that will shortly be ready for the service. Should this be done, the Navy Department hopes to establish a training and recruiting station on the Pacific coast.

Boys applying for admission must have the consent of their parents or guardians, must be between fourteen and seventeen years of age, not less than four feet nine inches high at fourteen, four feet eleven inches at fifteen years, and five feet one inch at sixteen years; they must be otherwise of fair size, of robust frame, of perfectly sound and healthy constitution and able to read and write, although in special cases where a boy shows general intelligence, he may be enlisted though his reading and writing are imperfect.

As soon as a boy is enlisted, he must begin to learn the virtues of cleanliness and neatness, and he is taught that he must take care of himself. So he must have soap, needles, thread, blacking-brush, whisk broom, uniform clothing and comfortable bedding. Everything necessary of this character is furnished him by the government, the total cost not to exceed forty-five dollars.

As soon as possible after being enlisted and fitted out, the apprentice is sent to the training station at Newport, and here his training begins in earnest. Captain Bunce, an officer remarkably well fitted for the performance of his duties, and zealous for the welfare of the boys, takes them in charge. He is aided by able assistants, and the youngsters, many of whom were waifs upon the streets, soon undergo a transformation in appearance and manner that is really remarkable.

It frequently happens that a mother who consented to her son's enlistment changes her mind, and most urgently pleads for his discharge when he comes home on his holidays. She agreed to his enlistment, perhaps, because he was at home quite unmanageable; and when the wayward son returns she finds him so much improved, so bright and quick, that she concludes he would be of great value to her if she could only have him again at home.

This is all very natural, but parents should consider well before they give their consent to the enlistment of their children. The terms of enlistment are that the apprentice is to remain in the service of the government until he is twenty-one years old, and the government cannot consent, if it is to preserve discipline at the training school, to discharge apprentices before the expiration of their terms. To make exceptions tends to the demoralization of those who remain.

In the English service boys are enlisted and bound to serve continuously until twenty-eight years old. With us an apprentice, on reaching the age of twenty-one, may re-enlist for a regular term of three years, or may apply for and receive a discharge. Unfortunately for the government, more than fifty per cent. of them do not re-enlist.

Quite a number of them go into the merchant service. It is to be hoped that Congress will provide legislation that will enable the navy to retain in the service a larger number of the boys it



Before the Mikado.

been taught to do, and found myself face to face and quite alone with the Emperor of Japan.

He had on a military uniform much like that of a French marshal, only with more gold braid and lace; his cap was on the table in front of him; he had on white kid gloves; his left hand rested on the hilt of his handsome, gold-mounted sword, and his right hand was on the arm of his chair.

He leaned forward a little and looked me straight in the face as I like to have a man do with whom I have any intercourse. He wore on his breast or suspended from a ribbon around his neck, several beautiful decorations, those of his own highest orders, and two or three that had been conferred upon him by European sovereigns.

I made my bows slowly, and I think, with dignity, moving quite gently forward and backward. When I was nearest to him I paused long enough to take a good look at him, and compared his personal appearance with that of the engraving hanging on the wall, and I can truthfully say that I thought the picture a miserable caricature.

I fancy that something in my eyes must have betrayed to him what was passing in my mind, for he looked up at the picture and then at me again, and a slight smile broke over his face. He looked distinctly as if he were saying to himself, "You think there is a good deal of humbug about all this, and I quite agree with you!"

Then I retired as I had been told to do, and just as I was about to pass in behind the screen again, I became aware of the fact that several of the junior officers of the school, Japanese who were not to be accorded the great privilege that had been conferred upon me, were peeping through the large doorway to see how I conducted myself.

Perhaps they were there to make sure that I did not attempt to do any harm to his Majesty. At any rate I must have behaved myself quite properly for they afterward met me pleasantly, and appeared to be entirely satisfied. So ended my only direct, personal experience with royalty.

I have said that I thought the picture a caricature, and perhaps I should try to draw a pen picture of the emperor and to compare it with the so-called portrait.

He is a small man, hardly more than five feet three or four inches in height, with black hair and a sparse black beard and mustache. His complexion was fairly good that day, but I know now that that was because he had just recovered from an illness; for generally—and I have seen him a good many times since—his face is very red and shows signs of dissipation.

He has small eyes, a broad nose, high cheekbones and full lips. He is not by any means what one would call handsome, but he is much better-looking than that picture, or indeed any that I have ever seen of him; for they all represent him as a low-browed, surly-looking individual, with scarcely a trace of intelligence.

My pupils in that Japanese school had always been polite and respectful, but after I had been

trains. The training they get gives them an advantage over most other sailors, and those of them who are most worthy may reasonably expect to become petty or warrant officers.

There is not space in this article to give in detail the daily routine at the training station. The food is abundant and of good quality; the discipline is strict, but not harsh. The regulations for bathing and swimming are admirable. The boys are exercised in gymnastics, infantry, broadsword, great gun and pistol drill; they are taught to scrub and to clean ship, to splice and to knot, to signal, to make and to mend sails, to understand the compass and the log, to handle the lead, the sails and the ropes; and, indeed, are instructed in everything relating to seamanship.

On board the *Richmond*, which is at anchor at the station, and which is completely rigged, everything is found to familiarize them with their duties on shipboard as far as may be.

While instruction is being given in the duties of the sailor, certain hours are regularly allotted to the study of reading, writing, arithmetic and American history. All the boys are required certain intervals to sing, and those who develop musical talent are instructed in the use of the bugle. Especial attention is given to the teaching of patriotic songs, and no effort is spared to cultivate a love of country and devotion to the flag.

Three evenings of the week, during the winter, are devoted to lectures illustrated by the stereopticon, and relating to American history, naval incidents and physical geography. Thus information is so imparted as to make the long winter evenings pleasant and profitable, and books are also furnished to encourage the habit of reading.

The teaching is much of it done by enlisted men, rated and paid as schoolmasters. Every division, however, of one hundred and eight boys is under the general superintendence of a commissioned officer, who remains in charge of it, and is responsible for the entire education of all the boys committed to him.

This education is made as thorough as possible. Lessons of all kinds are repeated just as long as may be necessary to impress facts upon the mind, and the results of the system are very gratifying.

The time usually employed in the education of a division at the training station is about six months, but dull boys are required to remain there for a longer period. When a division is ready, it is transferred to a training cruising ship, and on these the methods of instruction at the station are usually continued as far as can be.

Two cruises are taken on the cruising ship, one in winter and one in summer, and about two months are spent on shipboard in Hampton Roads. After these cruises, all the boys who are qualified are transferred to the general service, there to remain until the expiration of their terms of service, on arriving at the age of twenty-one years.

All boys are, on enlistment, rated as third-class apprentices, and receive nine dollars per month, out of which they are to pay for their clothing, which is supplied by the government at a low rate of cost. This, however, does not apply to the outfit they receive upon enlistment, which is given them free of charge.

After completing their tour, or service, in a cruising training ship, boys are rated as second-class apprentices, and paid fifteen dollars per month; and after serving one year in a cruising ship of war, if properly qualified they become first-class apprentices, and get twenty-one dollars per month.

When the apprentice reaches twenty-one he will, if recommended, receive an honorable discharge, and may choose for himself.

The apprentice, on receiving his discharge, may if he wishes enter the merchant service, and seek preferment there; he may return to his home, or he may re-enlist in the navy. Each regular enlistment is for a term of three years. Should he re-enlist, he will receive as a bounty three months' extra pay of his rating when discharged, and an addition of one dollar per month to his pay.

Upon re-enlistment he may hope to become a petty or a warrant officer; and if he be bright and faithful, the chances are in his favor. The petty officers number about forty on board each ship of good size, and they range from seaman gunners, at twenty-six dollars per month, up to chief master at arms, at sixty-five dollars per month. The warrant officers, open to the graduate apprentices, are boatswains, gunners and sail-makers, with salaries depending to some extent on length of service, ranging from seven hundred dollars to eighteen hundred dollars a year.

Parents and guardians, before consenting to the enlistment of their sons or wards, should consider carefully the advantages and disadvantages of sailor life. It is not a hard life—the labor is not severe unless the enlistment be as a coal-passer, or fireman. Still, it is to be remembered that the strictest obedience must always be rigorously enforced, and that enlisted men do all the duties about a ship, including everything necessary to keep it clean and neat.

Nor can the enlisted men rise to the position of a commissioned officer. The duties devolving upon the commanders of modern vessels require a higher education than can be imparted at the training school.

The government furnishes now to the sailors abundant rations and of good quality. The drinking water on naval vessels is generally of the

purest, being distilled on board; and in spite of the fact that the discipline is strict, a life on the ocean wave, with its many moving incidents and its opportunities for visiting distant lands and seeing strange people, generally becomes so attractive that few old tars are content, while they are able to serve, to live on shore.

Many an American boy is a natural born sailor, and longs for the sea. Let the parents of such boys read carefully this article, think over the subject and then decide whether to enter them as apprentices in the United States Navy.

The navy wants more American sailors. When the last census of the enlisted force of the navy was taken, out of a total of seventy-five hundred and sixteen the American citizens were forty-three hundred and sixty; four hundred had declared their intention to become citizens, and twenty-seven hundred and fifty-six were foreign born, who had not declared their intention to become citizens.

Of these last, however, there were but twelve hundred and fifty-two who were foreign born and had never declared their intention to become citizens. No doubt many foreigners were faithful to the flag, and did gallant service on our ships of war during the War of 1812 and the Civil War, but one cannot help wishing that our navy had in it a larger share of native-born Americans.

AUNT HEPIZIBAH'S ILLNESS.

Signs and "Germs."—Cured by Common Sense, without a Doctor.

"It's curious that Hepzibah, being such a sensible woman, should have such notions," Uncle Amos used to say, in his slow way; for Aunt Hepzibah had been all her life a believer in signs. It was still more surprising that one of her cheerful disposition should long have cherished the conviction that she was not destined to long life.

She had, she remarked, been the oldest child in the family, and for three generations the oldest child had died in infancy. No one could understand why this should prognosticate her fate, since she had lived in health to middle age. She had been born, moreover, on a day which she supposed to be particularly unlucky for her family, though she could never tell why she supposed so.

As she grew older, her dreams, the hats that flew in at her window, the snowball-bush that bloomed out of season by her front gate, and the dog that howled at night in her back yard—these and many other like omens all seemed to presage for her an early death.

Her faith in these auguries might have been somewhat shaken by the reflection that she had reached fifty years of age without serious illness, had she not believed this good fortune entirely due to the precautions she had taken to ward off the various diseases to which she regarded herself as predisposed.

In a cupboard up-stairs there were shelves of empty bottles and pill-boxes, whose former contents had not destroyed Aunt Hepzibah's iron constitution. There was a "Nerve-Strengthening" and a "Foe to Asthma" and a "Sure Preventive of Heart Disease," and a row of ounce-phials confronting one with the query, "Why Cough?" But as a matter of fact, neither her nerves, her lungs nor her heart had ever forced themselves upon Aunt Hepzibah's consciousness.

She had gone on swallowing the "Foe" and the "Sure Preventive" with regularity, in spite of the assaults upon both her theory and her practice last summer by Ruth Edwards, her Western niece—a bright, pretty, energetic young woman who had come East for the purpose of taking a post-graduate scientific course in a neighboring city.

Ruth had spent the greater part of the summer on the farm, and had completely won the heart of her New England aunt, in spite of the college-bred young scientist's cold-blooded explanations of those signs which Aunt Hepzibah regarded as supernatural.

It was for the sake of this niece that Uncle Amos and Aunt Hepzibah had driven to the city the day before Thanksgiving. When Ruth wrote that it would be impossible for her to come out to the farm for the feast, Aunt Hepzibah had filled a hamper with good things of her cookery, and traversed the snow-covered roads to the city eight miles away. On reaching the college, they had been disappointed at finding that Ruth was out.

Her room-mate, a vivacious, kindly girl, had volunteered to show them through the laboratories, in the hope that Ruth might return before their tour of the building was completed.

Of the wonders of this place they had talked for hours, after their return to the farm. Aunt Hepzibah had been particularly impressed with the biological laboratory, with its incubators, its bottles of what she called "preserved tadpole," its pans of earthworms, its microscopes, its specimens of the curious life of stagnant ponds.

These things, however, had not interested Uncle Amos half so much as had the casts of prehistoric animals in the geological museum. From the ichthyosaurus especially he had found it hard to tear himself away.

On the morning of Thanksgiving day Uncle Amos and Aunt Hepzibah sat down at home to a somewhat later breakfast than usual. Although the dinner, to which several guests had been invited, was not to be served until late in the

afternoon, Aunt Hepzibah had risen at four o'clock and completed most of her preparations, in order that she might be free to go to meeting in the forenoon.

Her cookery had been entirely successful, and turkey and cranberries, pies and cakes, sent delicious odors from the pantry. Nevertheless, Aunt Hepzibah looked woful as she sat down to breakfast. She was depressed, silent and pre-occupied. Uncle Amos found it impossible to rouse in her any interest in the ichthyosaurus, of which his mind was still full.

"It's the signs again," he reflected. "She's broken a looking-glass, or her loaves have cracked open across the middle, or Rover has been yowling more than common."

He said nothing, however. He was so kind-hearted a man that, though he was exceedingly skeptical about the signs and about the virtues of the "Foe" and the "Strengthening," he refrained from wounding his wife's feelings by ridiculing her theories.

At last Hepzibah broke the silence by saying, impressively, "Amos, if I'm taken, you'll remember Ruth's to have the blue china."

"Yes, Hepzibah," said her husband, who had for thirty years been receiving instructions regarding the disposition of her personal effects in the event of her being "taken suddenly."

"Ruth's a good girl," she went on. "She isn't the least mite stuck up, in spite of her good looks and her book-learning. For all we're old-fashioned and countrified, Ruth's never the least bit ashamed of us when we go to see her at the college. She seems most like an own daughter to me, now that our own children are married and gone. I can't help feeling grieved, Amos, at not seeing her yesterday; for I wanted to see her once more before I'm taken."

"Aint you feelin' as spry as common, Hepzibah?"

"Yes, but I've had warnings, Amos," she answered, solemnly. "Not that I want to spoil your pleasure on Thanksgiving by giving way to my feelings. I've got the best dinner ready that I ever cooked, and I intend to be as cheerful as usual. I shouldn't have said anything to you if I hadn't wanted to put you in-mind of the blue china."

After a brief silence she continued, "Amos, I don't like to make you uneasy, but the old clock gave a curious kind of whirring noise, and then stopped going all of a sudden, just the way it did the night your Aunt Serena died."

"Mainspring broke, most likely," suggested Uncle Amos.

"Amos, don't make light," said Hepzibah, gravely. "The clock wasn't the only warning I had last night. Just as the clock waked me up, I—"

Aunt Hepzibah's narration was interrupted by a knock at the kitchen door.

"Here's a letter for ye," said Nathan Manks, a neighbor, thrusting his head inside the door. "No, thankie; I can't stop. I've been to the Cross Roads, and seen' a letter in your box, I brought it along."

The letter was from Ruth:

"DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT.—I write this in the hope that you may get it Thanksgiving day when you go to the Cross Roads to church. I have just come in from shopping, and Helen has told me of your visit. I feel that I must write at once to tell you how grateful I am for your kindness to me."

"The basket and its contents look like a bit of home. A half-dozen of us are going to have a regular schoolgirl feast to-night, in spite of our being dignified post-graduates, and I'm sure we shall enjoy it a great deal more than we shall the state dinner to which we are in duty bound to go to-morrow."

"I am glad Helen showed you through the laboratories and the museum. I wish I had been there, though, for I particularly wanted Aunt Hepzibah to see some things in which I am working just now; among others, a case of little glass tubes in which are growing, on a slender wire laid in a bed of gelatine, colonies of the germs of various diseases—consumption, typhoid fever, diphtheria, etc. The colors are very pretty and the colonies are growing finely. When you come next time, though, I can show you all these things."

"I want to come up to the farm at Christmas, and if it will not inconvenience you, I will bring Helen for a day or two."

"You have been very good to me, dear Uncle Amos and Aunt Hepzibah, and though I have made many friends in the city, none are so near to me as you are. With best wishes for a happy Thanksgiving, I am

"Your loving niece,
"RUTH EDWARDS."

No sooner had she read this letter than Aunt Hepzibah sprang from her chair, and cried in excited tones, "Amos, that proves the signs! You harness the black horse to the buggy and go straight for Doctor Rannford."

Uncle Amos dropped his knife and fork and stared at his wife. Was she losing her senses?

"And stop at Bemis's drug-store and get a pint of carbolic acid. Do hurry, Amos."

"Hepzibah," said the astonished man, "what—on—airth—is the matter?"

"Don't stop to argue, Amos, but hurry right off! You can get your breakfast after you've come back—that is, if you've any heart for food then."

"But, Hepzibah—"

"Do hurry, Amos!" implored his wife.

Amos asked no further questions, but hurried to the stable. Just as he was driving off, the kitchen door opened, and Aunt Hepzibah once more called to him to hurry.

"And if I should be taken before you're back, you'll remember, Amos, to see that Ruth gets the blue china, and that Parson Lambert preaches my funeral from Matthew five and four, and—"

But Amos was out of hearing. Though he was the kindest of men, his patience was sorely tried by being sent off from his half-eaten breakfast in this mysterious way.

"Darn them signs!" he said, half-aloud; and then, repenting of his impatience, added, "But maybe Hepzibah aint feeling well."

The more he thought over the behavior of his wife, the more he became impressed with the idea that Ruth was in some way connected with the matter; and that her quick wit would be of more service in this emergency than Doctor Rannford's pills. So when he came to the Cross Roads, instead of turning up the doctor's lane, he kept straight on his road toward the city.

Meantime the morning hours passed slowly for Aunt Hepzibah. Nine, ten and eleven o'clock passed and still neither her husband nor the doctor came.

"I shouldn't have hurried Amos so," she said. "Maybe he's driven recklessly, being in such haste, and perhaps the black horse has fallen and broke a leg—or maybe he's died of grief." The pronoun referred to her absent spouse, and not to the horse.

At one o'clock Amos drove up to the front gate with Ruth Edwards. The two hurried into the house, somewhat alarmed at certain sulphurous odors that met them as they opened the door. The kitchen was cold and deserted, save for the gray cat that sat calmly on the stove-hearth. Leaving this desolation, they hurried up-stairs and found Aunt Hepzibah in the front room, propped up in bed.

"Ruth Edwards! How did you get here?" cried the invalid. "Don't come near me! For mercy's sake, Amos, keep her out!"

"Dear aunt," said Ruth, "what is the matter?"

"It's either diphtheria or consumption or typhoid fever, I don't know which yet, though it's most likely a complication—but you aint to blame, Ruth."

"What in the world do you mean, aunt? And what are those dreadful odors through the house?"

"They're flowers of sulphur and vinegar on a hot shovel, and carbolic acid, mostly. I'm killing the germs."

"Germs!" repeated Ruth, in a puzzled way; and then suddenly a possible explanation of this mystery flashed upon her.

"Aunt Hepzibah," she said, trying vainly not to laugh, "do tell me what happened in the laboratory yesterday."

Aunt Hepzibah was not exactly pleased with her niece's hilarity on so solemn an occasion, but she said:

"I'll tell you, Ruth, though you mustn't let remorse gnaw your conscience, for you are not to blame. It was all my own doing, and I ought to have known better, after all the signs. When Helen took your uncle up to the fourth floor to see them critters that lived in the time of the Apostles, I stayed down in the laboratory and looked round. Over by the window I saw a case of little glass tubes with something that looked like jelly in the bottom of 'em, and a line of yellowish or reddish stuff growing in it. I was curious to know what was in 'em, and Ruth, I took the stoppers out of two or three of 'em and smelled 'em! The one I took the strongest whiff of was light-colored. Now perhaps you can tell me whether it's diphtheria I've got, or—"

The good woman paused. Was Ruth going into hysterics in spite of her efforts at self-control, or was she trying not to laugh?

"I looked to see you take it more to heart, Ruth," said her aunt, solemnly; "but I intend you to get the blue china just the same."

"Dear aunt," said Ruth, coming up to the bed and giving Aunt Hepzibah a vigorous hug, "you've no more diphtheria than I have. Helen told me that you were only in the general laboratory, and the test-tubes of which I spoke in my letter are in Professor Borton's lecture-room. The bacteria you saw were perfectly harmless; you breathe them in every hour. And even if you had taken a 'whiff' of the disease-germs, I doubt if they would have found a lodgment in your healthy system. And—"

Here the thought of her aunt's calmly "taking the stopper out" of those harmless bottles was too much for her, and she laughed outright. Meantime Aunt Hepzibah had risen from her bed, and was rapidly dressing herself.

"I guess if the germs I smelled weren't catching, there's nothing to prevent me from getting that Thanksgiving dinner heated up; though I can't understand the clock stopping, and all the other warnings. Ruth, could you see to getting all these smells out of the house before the Simmonses come?"

The dinner was successful in spite of the events of the morning, and in the evening, after the guests were gone, Aunt Hepzibah said:

"Amos, I guess you may as well take that clock to the city to-morrow, when you go in with Ruth, and get it repaired. And maybe if we don't chain up Rover at night, he'll keep still."

Ruth's eyes twinkled over these evidences that her aunt's sense of having gone into dire alarm for no cause had weakened the superstitions of

a lifetime. And Uncle Amos was still more delighted when, on going down-stairs early next morning, he found Aunt Hepzibah slowly pouring the "Poe" and the "Sure Preventive" into the kitchen drain-pipe.

ANNA J. McKEAG.

CHICKADEE.

Give me of thy wise hope, dear bird,
Who brav'st the bitter weather!
Share the glad message thou hast heard,
And let us sing together.

Independent.

—Celia Thaxter.

TREED BY A RHINOCEROS.

A thrilling Adventure with a huge Beast in a tropical Jungle.

Of all the wild beasts that roam the jungles of Asia, Malaysia or Africa there are few more dangerous to encounter than the rhinoceros. Large, fierce, with a hide almost impervious to bullets, he is difficult to kill in the open, and is usually taken in pits that are dug in the ground and covered with branches of trees, over which a thin cover of soil is thrown.

Even when captured in this manner, the rhinoceros is hard to kill, for his big body is exceedingly tenacious of life.

I had an encounter with one of these beasts once which I am not likely to forget—especially when I look at my left hand. It happened this way:

We had a visitor at our coffee plantation and were doing our best to entertain him. This was not much trouble, for he was a jolly fellow, ready at all times for sport, and always willing to take his share of work and the hard knocks which came occasionally. He was the son of one of the owners of the plantation, and had been sent out to see a little of life there before settling down to business in Belfast.

We liked him from the first—big, good-natured, rollicking, joking Jack Armstrong. He was not long in making every one about the plantation, even the natives, his friends. He had been with us only two days when he "wanted a crack," he said, "at these wild animals you keep in that great big menagerie out there."

As I could be spared from the plantation for a day or two, I volunteered to go with Armstrong and see what we could shoot. He had shown us that he could handle the rifle well, though he did no boasting; and so we felt that he could be trusted to do his part like a man if any danger should arise.

Armstrong and I started for the jungle one morning, taking with us only one native, to carry a spare rifle and some ammunition. Armstrong, who had never before been in a jungle, was amazed at the density of the growth there and the vastness of the solitude.

One who knows nothing of a jungle cannot conceive the feeling experienced by him who enters such a forest for the first time, and listens to the oppressive silence of its depths. Listens, I say, for it is a silence which seems literally heard in the shadow of the great trees and heavy undergrowth. Armstrong, however, soon recovered his usual carelessness and jollity, although he could not joke much in the quiet we were forced to maintain, for fear we should start some animal before we were ready for it. But that is just what did happen, in spite of our caution.

We had jogged along until about three o'clock in the afternoon, having stopped only long enough for hasty lunch at noon. Our intention was to reach a pool which was not far away, and to which many animals of the jungle were in the habit of going to drink.

This pond was about two hundred feet across, and nearly circular. In the centre rose a rock about ten feet high, and the water, as we found out afterward, was not more than three feet deep at any point except at the mouth of the stream which fed it from the forest.

"I don't see many of those terrible beasts you were trying to scare me with," Armstrong said, with a smile, when we reached the pool. "Are you sure there are any in the jungle at this time of the year?"

"Sahib, him see some 'fore him leabe," said the native, whose name, by the way, was Nvjro. "Fine plenty 'fore long. Mebby more dan sahib wan' see."

"Yes, Armstrong," I said, "they are here. No man ever came into this jungle of Horton Plains and looked for game in vain. Many a brave fellow has found it to his death. Don't be discouraged; you'll have a shot before you get back to the plantation."

We threw ourselves on the ground and lighted our pipes to enjoy a short smoke while Nvjro went up the stream to get some water. We had not taken a dozen whiffs when Nvjro came rushing back, yelling like mad and green with terror.

"De big-horn, sahib! De big-horn!" he shrieked, frantically.

I cannot account for what followed except on the ground that the terror of the native was infectious. Both Armstrong and myself, without waiting to see what was the matter, climbed the nearest tree, leaving our rifles where we had placed them when we sat down to smoke, against another tree about one hundred feet away from where we now were.

Nvjro followed us up the tree in double-quick time, out of breath and with bulging eyes. We were hardly in the branches before out from the undergrowth rushed a monstrous rhinoceros.

He snorted with rage as he looked for us, his nose in the air and his little, wicked eyes snapping and blazing.

The rhinoceros is the maniac of the jungle. He has no sense and knows no fear. If in the solitude he hears a noise, without waiting to ascertain what makes it, he lowers his great head so as to project his wicked horn in front, and charges.

He does not look, he does not care; he is like a mad thing as he comes on. He will charge anything that disturbs him—a lion, an elephant, another rhinoceros, a man, a pig, a snake or a dog; all are the same to him if they attract his attention.

Whether this fellow saw or scented us, he

hesitated not a minute, but lowered his head and came like a locomotive at the tree in which we sat, not yet recovered from our first fright. What a shock! We were nearly thrown from our perches by the concussion.

The recoil threw the huge beast over on his back. It must have hurt him, for he squealed as he sprang to his feet and shook his head. But it did not stop him, for in another second he had charged again.

I began to fear that he might be able to tear the tree up by the roots, and have us on the ground at his mercy. That meant certain death for at least one of us.

If only we had our rifles! There they were, in plain sight, but completely out of our reach. Not a word had either of us spoken since our inglorious scramble up the tree, but Armstrong now said, "Hold fast!" as the rhinoceros came at the tree again with increased rage.

We held fast. Finding he could not get at us that way, the beast shook his head again and began to dig at the tree with his strong horn. He worked hard, and the bark and wood flew so fast that we became seriously alarmed lest he should cut the tree down.

"This will never do," I said to Armstrong.

"Faith, I think you're right," he answered, "but what can we do? I think I could reach those guns of ours before he could stop me, but he wouldn't give me a chance to fire a bullet into his ugly



Armstrong plunges into the Water.

carcass if I did reach them. We've got to do something soon, though, or he'll do it for us."

Reach the rifles! That was the one thing that must be done; and I, as the one in whose charge Armstrong had been placed, should take the risk, for my own honor and the life of the young man. I made up my mind quickly to a course of action. Taking out the big knife without which I never went into the jungle, I cut a long branch off the tree.

"Here," I said, as I handed it over to Armstrong, "you take this and hit the beast over the head with it to attract his attention, and when you get him on the side of the tree furthest from the rifles I'll jump down and run for them. If he charges me, you must do all you can to attract his attention."

"Is there any chance for you to succeed, man?"

"It's a rather slim chance. But if I can get a rifle and have even one shot at him, we may get the better of him yet. If we stay here he'll have the tree down sooner or later, and we'll have to do something then, anyway. A rhinoceros was never known to raise a siege of his own accord, so we've either got to jump out of this tree or be driven out."

Armstrong told me he was a good runner, and would rather make the dash than to have me do it. But I was a good runner, too, and insisted upon going.

So he took the branch, which we had stripped until it was a long, bare pole, and leaning forward, struck the raging beast heavily on the neck. The rhinoceros leaped into the air at this unexpected attack, with a snort of surprise, and stopped his work on the tree.

Armstrong hit at him again, handling the pole with a quickness which surprised me. Gradually he worked the rhinoceros around the tree, the animal snapping at the pole and raging in impotent fury. When the creature was farthest from the rifles, I quickly lowered myself as near to the ground as I could, dropped, and ran like mad for the weapons. The rhinoceros heard me before I had made ten steps, and came after me.

Then Armstrong did a heroic thing. With a shout which could have been heard a mile he jumped from the tree and ran after the rhinoceros. He told me afterward that he did not think of the consequences, but only followed an impulse. If the rhinoceros had turned, nothing in the world could have saved the brave Irishman. Luckily the brute kept after me.

I heard his heavy tread, and gave myself up for lost. It was all like a flash, but it seemed an age before I gained the rifles. I grasped one with my right hand, caught the tree with my left and swung myself, still going at full speed, around the tree, and fell as I did so.

The rhinoceros struck the tree with his head before I touched the ground, hitting at the same time the index and second fingers of my left hand, which had not yet left the tree. I did not feel it at the time, but the fingers were smashed so that they had to be amputated at the second joints, and now I handle my fork with only the stumps.

I thought he would be on me before I could get

up, but in the small fraction of a second that I lay there I heard the animal turn and charge at Armstrong.

"Run!" I shouted as I arose. "Run for the water and try to gain the rock!"

Armstrong was running already, and straight for the water, with the rhinoceros not far behind him. I took a quick aim and fired just as Armstrong plunged into the pool. The bullet hit the thick skin of the rhinoceros and glanced off.

As Armstrong sprang into the water he fell head-foremost, and I saw him go under as I grabbed another rifle from the ground where it had fallen.

The rhinoceros hesitated when he missed his quarry, and I sent another shot at him, watching at the same time for Armstrong's head to appear.

Then occurred a strange thing. The rhinoceros stood at the edge of the pool, apparently surprised at Armstrong's disappearance. I stood still also, wondering if the water were deep enough to drown a man, and if Armstrong had struck his head against a rock and was lying dead on the bottom.

We must have stood thus for about three minutes, when the rhinoceros snorted angrily and plunged in. Then I saw Armstrong's head rise from the water within fifteen feet of the rock. The rhinoceros had caught sight of him and started for him.

I tried to get a shot at the animal then, but he plunged so in his clumsy passage through the water that I knew I could not hit him, so I just stood there and waited.

Armstrong, who swam under water until his breath gave out, gained the rock before the rhinoceros had gone fifty feet and was safe; for the sides of the rock were too steep for the unwieldy beast to climb, although easy enough to a man of ordinary agility.

"He can't reach me here," Armstrong shouted, "but I wish I had a rifle. Can you hit him?"

The rhinoceros reached the rock and reared himself against it. Well, there was never a more dangerous situation with a tamer ending. There was Armstrong on the rock in the

middle of a shallow pool, a big, angry rhinoceros trying in vain to climb after him, and I on the shore with three good rifles and plenty of ammunition.

Whether the excitement of the preceding few minutes had shaken my nerves or not, I fired fifteen shots into the big animal before he fell. Every time I fired, Armstrong, who was as cool as could be, laughed at me and told where the ball had struck. But finally the rhinoceros dropped, dead this time, from a bullet in his brain.

The rest of the story is simple enough. Nvjro waded out with his hatchet and cut the horn off the rhinoceros. Armstrong came to dry land. My fingers were by that time giving me a great deal of pain, so we lost no time in getting back to the plantation.

Taking as direct a route out of the jungle as possible, we found a native village, where we stopped overnight, and cared for my fingers as best we could. We started early the next morning, for I had not slept all night, and reached the plantation before noon.

Armstrong stayed with us a year, and together we had many a hunt in the depths of Horton Plains after my fingers healed. On several occasions we had adventures which are worth recording, and of which I may write at some future time.

L. WALTER SAMMIS.

A BLOODLESS BATTLE.

After the battle of Missionary Ridge the Confederate Army under General Bragg retreated to Dalton, Georgia, and there went into winter quarters. The winter of 1863-4 proved to be a very severe one for the latitude, and at one time there was a heavy fall of snow.

The division commanded by Major-General W. B. Bate, now a United States Senator, was composed of three brigades. These were the famous "Breckenridge" Brigade of Kentuckians; General Bate's own old brigade of Tennesseans, and a Florida brigade commanded by General Stovall. Each of the brigades occupied its own encampment, and was separated from the other two by at least half a mile.

The snow fell at night. On the following morning, as soon as the regulation camp duties were performed, the "cornercrackers," as the Kentuckians were called, began to "snowball." They had often seen snow in their native state, and knew how to get amusement from it. But their Southern comrades, particularly the Floridians, shrank from any personal contact with "the beautiful."

Early in the day one of the companies of the Ninth Kentucky Regiment made an attack upon its next neighbor in the encampment, and after the

battle victor and vanquished united to attack a third. Each company was in turn forced to capitulate. Then a party made up from all the companies attacked the fourth regiment, and afterward the sixth.

About noon an expedition, numbering several hundred, from the Kentucky Brigade, set out to attack the camp of the Tennesseans. As the time was the dead of winter, and there was no enemy within many miles, the usual camp discipline had been relaxed, and visiting between the different camps was unrestricted during the day. This enabled the attacking party to take the Tennesseans unawares.

Notwithstanding the surprise, the defence of the camp was vigorously maintained for half an hour or more. Finally it was yielded, and then many of the Tennesseans joined the expedition in its attack upon the Florida brigade.

Owing to the suddenness of the onset, and the novelty of the weapons used, the Floridians made no resistance, but retired precipitately to their cabins.

General Stovall hastily summoned his staff officers, gave orders to have the entire brigade turned out without arms, and mounting his horse, took personal command.

The Floridians soon learned that they could throw snowballs about as well as their assailants. Smarting under the reproaches of their commander, they fell upon the little band of adventurers with irresistible impetuosity.

Seeing themselves outnumbered five to one, the Kentuckians and their allies began to beat a retreat, and at the same time sent messengers back to their camps to ask for reinforcements. Some of the Kentucky regimental officers mounted their horses and hastened to the front, in command of the reinforcements.

Step by step the four or five hundred allies had been forced back by the two or three thousand Floridians. Only a few hundred yards from the outskirts of the Kentucky camp the retreating forces ascended a rather precipitous ridge. Here they determined to make a last desperate stand, in the hope that assistance would soon arrive.

Heroically they stood their ground, but the Floridians were by this time thoroughly aroused, and seemed determined to carry the war into the enemy's camp. In the face of a perfect storm of missiles they ascended almost to the very crest of the ridge. But even as the defenders were beginning to give way, loud cheering in their rear told them that reinforcements were at hand.

Now the battle began in earnest. Fully two thousand men on each side were now engaged, and perhaps no grander spectacle of the kind was ever witnessed anywhere. Neither Florida nor the allies would yield an inch. For fifteen or twenty minutes the sides seemed evenly matched.

Gradually, as the men became exhausted from their violent exertions, they fell away to the rear and soon the battle was ended. Neither side claimed a victory; and as there were no dead to bury nor wounded to be cared for, neither coveted the empty honor of camping on the field of battle.

The Kentuckians ever afterward entertained a greater respect for the Floridians, and during the closing year of the war the two brigades were engaged together in many a battle less bloodless, alas! than the battle of the snowballs.

J. H. BURKS.

AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Visitors at the Scene of the Pilgrims' Landing.—Homage to the Rock.

Every summer thousands of people from the country outside New England visit the neighborhood of Boston. While there, they generally show no small amount of interest in historic sites. Many embark on the little steamer that plies daily between Boston and Plymouth, and make thus a pious pilgrimage to the celebrated Rock, which is coming to mean to Americans somewhat the same thing that the famous meteoric stone of the Kaaba, at Mecca, means to the Moslems.

It is a pleasant trip, this one by water to Plymouth. There is a band of music; and inside the boat, a man with a phonograph amuses the children. But the visitor from a distant part of the country generally remains on the forward deck, watching the sandy shores, golden in the morning sun; he gazes interestedly at Minot's Ledge Lighthouse, of which there was a picture in the geography which he studied at school, and muses over the wooded shore of Marshfield, where Daniel Webster lived and died.

But before long Plymouth is reached, and the pilgrim's attention is likely to be diverted from the great beauty of the bay and its hills, monument-crowned shores by his extreme desire to get an early glimpse of the Rock.

All the strangers are simply straining their eyes to see the Rock; and when the landing is made on the long wharf,—a very prosaic and modern structure, where the boat's lines are made fast by commonplace young men, whose faces show not the slightest family resemblance to the known likenesses of John Alden or Miles Standish,—the procession of people from distant parts takes up a steady and rapid march toward a curious canopied structure in the distance, which has been pointed out to them.

The first thought which all of them have is this: "Why is the Rock so far from the water?" It seems to be distinctly inland, and is really at several rods' distance from the present shore. And yet there is no doubt that it was formerly by the water's edge. The building of wharves and the dumping of earth for nearly three hundred years has carried the shore line out into the harbor.

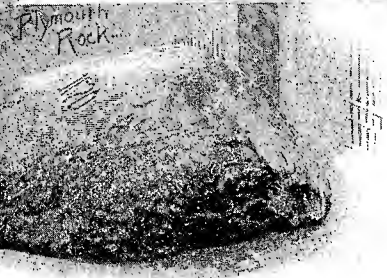
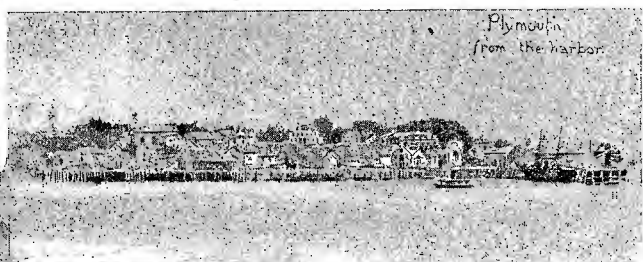
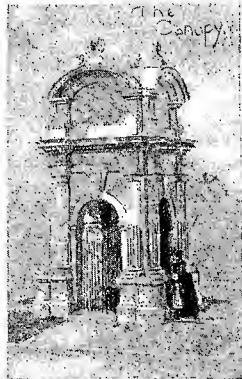
When these modern pilgrims come flocking up, they behold a structure of carved granite, which looks very tall in proportion to its diameter, with a round column at each corner, and very considerable architectural pretensions. This structure is called a "canopy." It is designed to mark the site of the Rock, and protect it from desecration.

Within this structure, an iron fence surrounds the Rock itself. This fence tends to increase the reverential feeling that a visitor has for the Rock, for it seems to set it apart forever as a thing not to be touched. But at each end of the enclosure

there is a gate; and these two gates are unlocked for visitors, and actual access to the Rock itself is permitted.

This permission in its turn increases the reverential feeling; for one feels that, as the barrier of iron has been hospitably broken for his benefit, he must not fail to estimate the privilege at its highest valuation.

Then the crowd from the boat begin to file through, past the Rock, or upon it. In seeing this sight, one is made aware how false is the assumption that Americans are an



unemotional people. They often behave in a most extraordinary way here.

Nearly all bend down and press the palms of their hands upon the Rock, and especially upon the figures "1620" which are sunk into its surface, as if the Pilgrims from the *Mayflower* had carved them there!

Now and then a woman bends down and kisses the Rock, or makes a child do so. It is no uncommon thing for two people to stand on the stone and embrace each other. Many stand on the Rock long enough to make good resolutions, and imagine that they will keep them the more sacredly for their being made at such a place.

They are not deterred from making these demonstrations by the bearing of the crowd about them. There is no laughter and merrymaking about it; all is done with solemnity.

But on the hill which overlooks the Rock stands a hotel which is much frequented by summer boarders. On the veranda of this hotel the boarders gather when the boat comes in, and watch the people at the Rock with much amusement. The spot where they rest and enjoy this spectacle is indubitably sacred ground, for upon it the *Mayflower* Pilgrims who died during that first terrible winter in the new colony were buried.

After "worshipping" the Rock, excursionists scatter through the beautiful old town to admire its dainty white houses of ancient architecture, and its narrow streets deeply shaded with great linden and elm trees; or to visit the museum, where are many relics of the earliest colonial days, and the old burial-ground and monument.

To very few of these excursionists does it ever occur to doubt the authenticity of the Rock, or to ask how it is known that the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed on it. Most people suppose that the Rock is mentioned in the early accounts of the landing; but such is not the case.

There is but one original account of this first landing, and it relates that, after the people of the *Mayflower* had left Clark's Island, "they sounded ye harbour & found it fitt for shipping, and marched into ye land & found diverse cornfields & little running brooks, a place fitt for situation; at least it was ye best they could find." Nothing whatever is there about landing on a rock; nor does any early account of proceedings at Plymouth even mention a rock.

But in the year 1741, nearly one hundred and twenty-one years after the landing of the Pilgrims, permission was granted by the town of Plymouth to certain persons to build a wharf on the shore; and these persons proceeded then to cover up with their wharf a rock which lay there.

And then appeared Thomas Faunce, a man ninety-four years old, who lived in the farming country back of Plymouth. He told the wharf-builders that they ought not to cover up this rock. When he was a boy, he said, his father had assured him that the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed upon it.

It does not appear that any other Plymouth people came forward and supported this tradition. At any rate the wharf was built; and though the stone was not covered up, it became the door-step of a warehouse.

When people began to investigate the story of Thomas Faunce's warning, they looked in the records to see if his father had been a passenger on the *Mayflower*, and they found that he had not. But they did find that Thomas Faunce was born in the year 1647, and that in his early life in Plymouth, he must have known some of the *Mayflower*'s passengers.

Therefore his story was entitled to some credit. Faunce was talking of a thing that was almost

within his own recollection, and completely in the recollection of the generation before him.

Moreover, there are no other rocks along the shore in that neighborhood. This one, at the time of the landing, must have stood out, solitary and alone, on a shore which, according to the Pilgrims' relation, was "compassed about to the very sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras and other sweet wood." In the midst of such a wilderness, a rock, projecting boldly from the shallow shore, would have provided a natural landing-place.

Further down the bay, in the adjoining town of Kingston, there is at this day such another rock,

not carried inland by the filling up of the shallow waters.

One has but to approach this Kingston rock in a boat from the bay to see how its brother of Plymouth must have beckoned a welcome to the passengers of the *Mayflower*.

The Plymouth tradition of the Rock therefore seems to have a good basis in reason and probability. At any rate it has grown steadfastly with time.

And now the legend is fixed, and rendered sacred by time and common acceptance. The American who loves his country can hardly look without genuine emotion on this Rock of Plymouth, where the momentous American experiment of local self-government was really begun under the most thrilling circumstances.

J. E. CHAMBERLIN.

PERFECTION.

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection.

Selected. —Walt Whitman.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

One of the most useful acts passed by the present Congress reduces to an orderly system the government printing and the distribution of public documents.

The need of reform has long been urgent. There have been confusion and conflict of authority in the matter of printing; and it might be said, in respect of a large part of the editions of government reports, that they represent money thrown away, because the system of distribution has given them to the wrong persons.

For instance, each member of Congress is entitled to a specified number of patent-office reports. It has been the practice of members to send the reports by the hundred to persons who had no interest in inventions, and who probably used the volumes for shaving paper, or gave them to their wives for kindling fires.

Nevertheless, while the waste was going on, technical libraries, in which the reports would have been constantly useful, have been unable to obtain them, so as to keep their sets complete, without great effort and expense.

Moreover, the work of distributing documents is a burden upon senators and members of Congress. Many of the members shirked the duty, if it can be called a duty. Nearly half a million volumes have accumulated in the basement of the Capitol—the left-over documents which Congressmen did not distribute. The act just passed provides a way in which any of these volumes which are needed by libraries to complete sets may be supplied.

The new law vests the general oversight of the public printing in a joint committee of printing, consisting of three members of the Senate and three of the House of Representatives. During the recess of Congress the Secretary of the Interior will act in certain cases.

The executive officer, who—aside from the control just mentioned—will have full powers, is the public printer. He will be appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. It is not necessary to refer in detail to the matters placed in the hands of the public printer.

Suffice it to say that in the choice of his subordinates, in the purchase of material, and in the general business regulation of the office, the new system will be much better than that which it replaces, and better than any system on which the business has ever been conducted.

The most important sections of the bill relate to the distribution of documents. The regulations are of several classes. First, the number of copies to be printed of each document is specified; secondly, the allotment of the copies is carefully and judiciously made; thirdly, the labor of distribution by senators and members is reduced by

a system of furnishing them with printed labels, which, having been addressed by the member or by his secretary, will be affixed to the volumes in the document rooms of the two Houses. By this means much costly handling of bulky volumes will be saved.

Again, the act recognizes public and school libraries as proper recipients of documents. Any senator or member may designate such a library, which will thereafter receive a copy of all important reports without further care on his part.

There is to be a "superintendent of documents," to whom surplus and undistributed documents will be turned over, and he will sell at cost not more than one copy of any document to any person applying for it.

Government publications are to be catalogued monthly, and the catalogues are to be sent to the depository libraries, so that the people may readily ascertain what public documents are appearing.

Another important feature of the new law is the partial revival of the franking privilege, which was abolished in 1873. Senators and representatives are empowered to send free through the mail not only public documents, but also, to any person, correspondence on official or departmental business.

Under this law there is a probability that government publications will become useful to an extent that they have never reached before. And the changes are expected to effect a saving of two hundred thousand dollars annually in the cost of the government printing.

FEBRUARY IN AUSTRALIA.

The bright-haired, blue-eyed last of summer! Lo
Her clear song lives in all the winds that blow;
The upland torrent and the lowland rill,
The stream of valley and the spring of hill,
The pools that slumber and the brooks that run
Where dense the leaves are, green the light of sun,
Take all her grace of voice and color.

Selected. —Henry Clarence Kendall.

QUICK TRANSPORTATION.

On the 28th day of June, 1894, a consignment of several hundred cases of goods was placed upon an ocean steamship at Liverpool. Six days later this steamship was in New York harbor. It arrived on the morning of the Fourth of July—a holiday—and therefore the Custom-House was not open.

The next day the goods were entered according to law, placed aboard a fast express train, and less than two days later were in Chicago, to which city they had been consigned.

If the holiday had not intervened, the actual time between Liverpool and Chicago would have been about nine days. A few months afterward a consignment of goods was less than nine days in going from Liverpool to Chicago.

These examples illustrate the very great increase in the rapidity with which transportation between Europe and America is accomplished. It is expected that a few years hence it may be possible to send goods from the Mississippi Valley to Europe, or from Liverpool or Southampton to Chicago, in a little over seven days. The effect of this rapidity of transportation must be beneficial. It will surely stimulate trade.

Rapid transportation has been remarkably developed in the United States in the past four or five years, and the industrial effects of the improvement are astonishing. In Florida and other Southern states much money has been invested in the raising of early vegetables which within a day or two after picking are exposed for sale, fresh and wholesome, in the markets of Northern cities. That business is sure to be very greatly extended.

The southern half of the state of California has been increasing in population and wealth, largely as an effect of the rapidity with which the fruit and vegetable products of the region can be transported to Eastern markets.

Upon the occasion of the recent frost in Florida, when it was made certain that the orange crop there had been almost ruined, the commission merchants of the East sent word to California that there must be reliance upon that state for the golden fruit. It is expected that oranges will be transported from the Pacific to the Atlantic in only three days more time than is required to bring them from Florida.

Another effect of quick transportation is, from one point of view, an unhappy one. For instance, before orange culture had been greatly developed in Florida and California, the United States depended upon Sicily and the West Indies for this fruit. Sicily alone sent about five million boxes to this country, and upon this trade the farmers of that island mainly depended for their income. Quick transit and the development of the Florida orange nearly destroyed the fruit trade with Sicily, and that is one of the reasons for the agricultural discontent in that island.

Another effect of rapid transportation is in the developing of new commercial industries. A few years ago when it took ten days to cross the ocean, no one would have thought of shipping oysters to Great Britain. Now an important trade in oysters in the shell has been established. Some of the dealers in the vicinity of New York trim the shells so that the oysters can be packed almost as closely as sardines.

Swift transit has also developed a large exportation of apples to Europe. In November last more than a quarter of a million barrels of apples were

sent to Europe. There is reason to expect that a few years hence it will be possible, because of rapid transportation, to dispose of enormous quantities of American farm produce, such as fruits and vegetables, in European markets.

DRESS AND MANNERS.

Goldsmith used to make himself and everybody else uncomfortable by dressing in blue velvet suits, lace and satin, and paying court to people of fashion by imitating their own finery and extravagance. Ill at ease himself in his gorgeous tailoring, he diverted attention from his best qualities and exaggerated his own foibles and weaknesses.

Doctor Johnson in his shabby clothes and threadbare sleeves was at least himself, and with his quiet dignity and stern self-respect, set a higher standard of good manners than Goldsmith.

No man ever won a greater social triumph than Franklin, the tallow-chandler's son, when he was sent as an envoy to the French court. He captivated every one by the simplicity of his manners. He was neither disconcerted himself, nor allowed any one else to feel ill at ease, whether he received nobles, statesmen, men of letters or tradesmen at his house; or whether he appeared among courtiers at Versailles, with his gray hat under his arm and in his dark Quaker dress, and his white woollen stockings in shoes unadorned with buckles.

Franklin modestly wrote to his friends in America: "Perhaps few strangers in France have had the good fortune to be so uniformly popular."

His social prestige never turned his head, nor developed affectation of speech and eccentricity of manner. Whether great ladies overwhelmed him with attentions, or Voltaire embraced him at the Academy, or impulsive crowds ran after him in the streets, he was always homely "Poor Richard," simple and unaffected in manner, yet with unflinching resources of tact and courtesy.

John Bright was, during his later years, a similar figure in London society. He, too, had the art of putting everybody at ease by his naturalness and inherent truthfulness. Never a man of fashion, and lacking always in respect for mere conventionalities, he dressed as he liked, and insisted upon wearing a black velvet waistcoat when nobody else was seen in one; but wherever he was and quaint as his dress might be, he invariably left behind him the impression of being the truest and noblest gentleman in the company.

Nobody cared how Bright was dressed. He was always himself, looking straight into his friend's eyes, saying what he thought with downright directness, and inviting the same degree of frankness and simplicity. He could not give offence, even when he advised a princess, who had been inveighing against Mr. Gladstone, to take her children where they might see that statesman, and to say to them:

"There is the Englishman to whom God has permitted to do greater service to his own country than almost any other in his time."

"Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best-bred in the company." That was Dean Swift's rule for dress and conversation.

NOW AND THEN.

In the last annual report of the Life-Saving Service, an official statement gravely records the rescue from a sinking vessel off the coast of Hog Island in Virginia, "of twenty-six men and the cat."

During a heavy storm last December a tug put out from New York harbor to the help of the crew of a wrecked schooner. They were all taken from the vessel, and the tug had started for the shore when a dog was seen on deck. The tug returned promptly, and the dog was brought safely off "amid the cheers," we are told, "of the crowd of spectators on shore and on the vessels in harbor, all of whom, apparently, were dog-lovers."

These are trifling incidents, but contrasted with the trifling incidents which follow, they have a certain significance.

Smithfield Market in London occupies the ground on which during seven centuries was held the yearly Fair of St. Bartholomew, "as true an exhibit," says Morley, "of the changes in character of the English people as is the House of Commons."

Among the favorite amusements at this Fair were bear-baiting, the burning of rats in cages and the flaying of cats. "Boys paid a penny for the privilege of chasing live rabbits on all fours like dogs. When they caught the rabbit with their teeth they tore it in pieces to show their strength."

It is not surprising to read that within the limits of this Fair scores of victims were burned at the stake, the people calmly looking on, as they did "with shouts of laughter" when Sir William Wallace was drawn and quartered before them.

These were our ancestors. The contrast between the petty facts of history then and now show us better than any written essay, how far mankind have travelled up into humane and Christian life; just as the floating bits of spice wood on the waves tell the voyager on the stormy ocean that he is nearing the region of eternal summer.

DELICATELY REPROVED.

Two ambitious and rather conceited young people were one day talking over a little book which had just been published, concerning the celebrities of the region where they were born.

"There's a great deal in it about Whittier," said one. "Of course there ought to be; but on the other hand, I see no reason why some of the younger writers should not have been mentioned. Whittier had done good work before he was our age, and in his day it was recognized. In ours it is different."

"Well, frankly," said the other, "since you mention it, I do think it a little odd to ignore the fact that we younger people have done anything. To be just, we should have been mentioned."

A serene and lovely old lady, who was sewing in the room, looked up from her work.

"Is it because you are not mentioned, and the

poet Whittier is?" she said, sweetly. "Never mind, children. That is an injustice which will often be done you. Every time it happens you must say to yourselves, 'Of course we sha'n't be spoken of with that plain farmer's son. We don't move in exactly the same circle.'"

So calm was her voice, so innocent her smile, that the young egotists smiled, too; and it was not until the next day that it dawned upon one of them that they had been not only reproved, but ruthlessly snubbed.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

A bit of traditional lore concerning Washington and Lafayette has lately come into print which seems to be better founded and more distinctly traceable to fact than is usually the case with traditions. It is related by Mr. J. F. Blandy, and came to him with but one intermediate telling from Lafayette himself, who told it at Elk Landing, Maryland, in 1824.

When the British under Lord Howe made their descent on Philadelphia in 1777, disembarking at the head of Elk River from Chesapeake Bay, Washington advanced from Philadelphia to meet them. Early one morning he, accompanied by the Marquis de Lafayette, made a reconnaissance from his camp at Chestnut Hill, Delaware, in the direction of Elk Landing. Here, at a point whence they could view the waters of Chesapeake Bay, the two generals stopped at a farmhouse and asked if they could obtain their breakfast.

The hostess, Mrs. Alexander, appeared to be very glad to see them, and they were surprised to find the table already set with a bountiful and elegantly prepared breakfast. Lafayette was as much enchanted as he was astonished, as he afterward declared, to find such a repast in the course of a somewhat bold reconnaissance.

They had begun to partake of the meal, and Lafayette was eating leisurely, as a polite young Frenchman should do, when the mistress of the house stepped out for a moment. Washington touched Lafayette with his foot under the table, and whispered to him:

"Better eat quickly; this breakfast was not meant for us!"

Lafayette understood, and ate rapidly, but heartily. In a very short time the meal was finished. The two generals rose, hastily but warmly thanked Mrs. Alexander, and took their leave.

They had scarcely ridden away to a place of security when, turning about, they saw Lord Howe and his staff ride up to the Alexander house. They had ordered their breakfast here, and Washington and Lafayette had eaten it! Their chagrin, and the astonishment of their hostess, who supposed that she had already served Lord Howe to a very hearty meal, will have to be imagined by the world, for no record is left of their remarks.

COÖPERATION.

The key of the industrial situation, with people who have employment at small wages, is certainly coöperation—which is a principle very different indeed from communism or socialism.

A brilliant example of what may be done in coöperation is furnished by the societies which have grown in England out of the Rochdale experiment, so-called. In 1844, twenty-eight weavers of the town of Rochdale formed themselves into a group called the Rochdale Pioneer Society. They assessed themselves two or three pence every week, and with the accumulated funds bought, at wholesale, flour, sugar, butter and oatmeal.

Each member took these supplies at the current prices; but the profit which was made on the goods was divided between the members. They continued to assess themselves for future purchases.

The Rochdale pioneers prospered amazingly, and increased; and now there are seventeen hundred such societies in England, with more than a million and a quarter members. They have a combined capital of ninety million dollars, and make yearly profits of nearly twenty-four millions.

They own seven ocean-going steamers, which bring produce from foreign countries; also shoe factories, soap works and woollen mills.

All their members are working people at small wages. The societies are all prosperous, and have solved the problem of existence on small incomes.

In this country we have applied the voluntary coöperative principle only to a limited extent. The coöperative banks and dwelling-house associations are an excellent example of its success.

PROFESSOR HOLMES.

"What are you doing?" Doctor Holmes once asked a student in the dissecting-room. "Ligating arteries, sir." "Why not say tie?" rejoined the doctor; "I find that country practitioners ligate arteries, and that surgeons tie them."

Doctor Thomas Dwight, who, in the January *Scribner's*, tells this incident, adds, "The best of this anecdote is that the unappreciative student spread it as a joke against Doctor Holmes."

"Who is that young man who said *Böne!*?" asked Doctor Holmes at the close of one of his recitations in anatomy. Having learned his name, he sought him out and welcomed him to the school. The young man, whose pronunciation interested the professor of anatomy, became his successor, and narrates "Reminiscences" of "the distinguished man whose greeting filled him with pleasure."

These anecdotes illustrate Doctor Holmes's quick observation of details which less sensitive and cultured minds would have neglected as trifling matters. Doubtless his mind was kept alert by the delicate organization which was jarred by a false accent or an awkward turn of phrase.

In his lectures on anatomy Doctor Holmes gave his imagination full play. His quaint, charming comparisons were aids to memory. No student could forget the microscopical coiled tube of a sweat-gland, after hearing Doctor Holmes compare it to a fairy's intestine. Once, while speaking of the acromion process of the shoulder-blade, he introduced an architectural illustration.

"Now," says the student, "how shall I remember that hard word?" Let him think of the Acropolis,

the highest building in Athens, and remember that the acromion is the highest point of the shoulder."

His demonstration of how the base of the skull, its weakest part, may be broken by a fall on the top of the head, was perfect. Doctor Dwight writes:

"He had a strong iron bar bent into a circle of some six inches in diameter, with a gap left between the ends just large enough to be filled by a walnut. The ring was then dropped to the floor so as to strike on the convexity just opposite to the walnut, which was invariably broken to pieces."

THE COLLEGE YELL.

A foghorn is not musical, but it is useful in its place. Out of its place, it is annoying. The college yell may be a good thing, when vociferated at a proper time and place; but outside of its appropriate surroundings it is a nuisance. Says a writer in the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*:

A few days ago the writer heard a performance of this kind effectively rebuked. It was in the crowded car of a railroad train.

There were four students in the company. We do not know their college, we are glad to say. At a way-station one of them was leaving the train, and in doing so passed along the platform to the open car windows where his comrades were sitting, when the quartet split the air—and the ears of the passengers—with some sort of unintelligible jargon. The sound had scarcely died away, when a gentleman, without looking up from his paper, asked in stinging tones, "Who's sick?"

It was slang, of course, but like many an expression of its class, it was pointed and effective. The passengers were convulsed with laughter, and the young collegians looked somewhat disturbed. They had been rebuked, and felt it, and the people said, "Good!"

BIBLIOMANIACS.

The insensate craving of book-collectors is illustrated in the case of Rawlinson, an English bibliomaniac, who would buy a book though he had twenty copies of it. He lived and died among bundles and piles of books covered with dust and cobwebs. The London *Spectator* mentions two collectors whose covetousness increased as their collection increased:

Mr. Heber, the brother of the bishop, bought all that came in his way, by cartloads and shiploads and in whole libraries, on which, in some cases, he never cast his eyes.

Of a similar disposition was the famous Antonio Magliabecchi, who is said to have lived on tiles and indexes, and whose very pillow was a folio. "The old bibliomaniac lived in a kind of cave made of piles and masses of books, with hardly any room for his cooking or for the wooden cradle lined with pamphlets which he slung between his shelves for a bed. He died in 1714, in his eighty-second year, dirty, ragged, and as happy as a king."

USEFUL HEROINE.

Aside from the pleasure which Don Quixote has given to readers all over the world, it is said that it at one time had a most remarkable effect in lessening the terrors of war.

Monsieur de Rocca, in his memories of the invasion of Spain by Bonaparte, states that when the French troops entered Toboso, so celebrated as the residence of Don Quixote's Dulcinea, they spared the inhabitants in many ways, out of regard to the heroine of Cervantes' wonderful story.

Whenever the French soldiers saw a woman at a window, they cried out laughingly, "Ah, there is Dulcinea!"

Their gaiety tranquillized the frightened people; and withal, as upon Dulcinea and Don Quixote formed a bond of union between the soldiers and the inhabitants, and the French, being well received, treated their hosts with much civility.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

Children are too often little spendthrifts. They use up an entertainment for which their fathers and mothers would be grateful, and then look about them for something new.

It is said that while Rudyard Kipling was in England, during the past summer, he became very fond of Miss Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter.

He met her at a country house, and being very fond of children, took her about the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must have had enough of the child's society, called her and said:

"Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been a good child and have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the little girl, "but you've no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearying me."

HIS TRANSLATION.

He was a dull boy, not even bright enough to know when he uttered an absurdity.

One day, in the Latin class he was wrestling with the sentence, "*Rec fugit*." With painful slowness he translated it, "The king flees." "But in what other tense can the verb *fugit* be found?" asked the teacher. A long scratching of the head and a final answer of "Perfect," owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it, then?"

"Dunno."

"Why, put a 'has' in it."

Again the tardy response was drawn out: "The king has fleas."—*Waterbury American*.

USE OF THE SENATE.

Sir John Macdonald, the first prime minister of Canada, was fond of relating this story to illustrate the need of an Upper House:

"Of what use is the Senate?" asked Jefferson, as he stood before the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, pouring the tea into the saucer.

"You have answered your own question," replied Washington.

"What do you mean?"

"Why did you pour that tea into the saucer?"

"To cool it."

"Even so," said Washington, "the Senate is the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool."

THE LATE TSAR.

Mr. Labouchere, the radical editor of the London *Truth*, says of the late tsar:

Long years ago, when he was a boy,—and a strapping, sturdy boy,—he taught me how to go down a Russian ice-mountain, and this has always led me to follow his career with interest; for no other king or emperor ever taught me anything beyond.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength. [Adv.]

For Coughs, Hoarseness, or any trouble of the Throat, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They are unrivalled for the alleviation of all throat irritations caused by cold or use of the voice. [Adv.]

The University School, BRIDGEPORT, Conn. \$500. Prepares for the leading universities. Six resident pupils are under the personal care and guidance of the Head-Master. School year begins May 1, 1895. VINCENT C. PECK, Head-Master.

DOLLARS FUN AND COMFORT
Hale's Book tells the story. Describes and prices Best Berries, Currants, Grapes, Apples, Plums and other mortgage lifters. Drop postal now. **HALE BROS.**, South Glastonbury, Conn.

TOWELS. An Exceptional Opportunity.
Beautiful Bleached Damask Towels with richly colored borders and knotted fringe. Large size.
25 Cents
is the price; fifty cents would be nearer the value.
Mail your order promptly.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia.

A Superb Picture
in 14 Oil Colors, covering nearly 8 square feet of surface, reproducing in a marvelously exact manner the wonderful historic scene of "Christ before Pilate," as portrayed by one of the greatest living artists, Munkeby. Sent to any address, post-paid, for only \$1.00. Money refunded if value is not more than several times given. **The Jessup Co., 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y. City.**



CAN
BE
RELIED
UPON
FOR
SERVICE.

The necessity of a Fast Black Dress Lining suitable for fine dresses and cheap enough for all is supplied by

"Nubian" DRESS LININGS.

Ladies may insist that their dresses be lined with "Nubian" linings, which do not crack or discolor from perspiration.

The words "Nubian Fast Black" are on the selvage of every yard. At best dealers. This trade-mark.



The most delicate touch . . .

upon the keys of a Chickering Piano produces a clear, refined, singing, musical quality of tone. This perfect relation of touch and tone is one of the features which for seventy years have made the

CHICKERING PIANOS

a standard of excellence among the greatest pianists as well as in homes of culture. The past year marks an epoch in piano manufacture because of the improvements made in the Chickering. Examine our new styles before buying.

Every Piano is Guaranteed for Five Years.

CHICKERING & SONS,
Founded 1823. 791 Tremont Street, BOSTON.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

Fibre
Chamois.
The Most Perfect Interlining for
Puff Sleeves and
Flare Skirts.

Gives Permanent form and style to the dress, making it resume its original shape after wrinkling or packing. So light that no appreciable weight is added to skirt or costume.

The Most Pliable Interlining obtainable, securing the finest fit and style and is easier sewed to garments than any other. Although light and pliable it

Resists Dampness,

making it desirable under all conditions.

The most fashionable Dress-makers and Ladies everywhere are calling for **Fibre Chamois**, and while it is used in the most elegant costumes, it is inexpensive enough for any dress.

Ask your Dealer for it.

The Name "**Fibre Chamois**" is on the goods.

Trade supplied by

J. W. GODDARD & SONS,
98-100 Bleecker Street,
NEW YORK,
N. Y.





TWO VIEWS.

The Pessimist's View.

Life's a bubble—pricked at that—
Substance vanished all away.
Stuffin's out—collapsed, sir,—flat!
Little wonder, then, I say,
Men should sigh,
Weep and die.
All the world's a fraud—a cheat,
Bitter mingles with each sweet,
Stones are ours in place of bread,
Men are fools, and hope is dead.
Oh my, oh—
I told you so!
Boo-hoo! hoo!—don't you see?
That's the way it looks to me.

The Optimist's View.

Everybody can't be clever,
Anybody can be jolly;
Shedding tears won't help it, never,
Weeping seems such awful folly.
Be a man!
That's my plan.
Best world ever I was in—
Keeps a body on the grin!
Rain to-day—what do I care,
Next day's certain to be fair.
Sun shines every day—some place—
Bless his kindly, good old face!
Life's replete
With all things sweet.
Ha! ha! ha! don't you see?
That's the way it looks to me.

Original.

ELIZABETH A. VOSE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S KINDNESS.

Mr. Gladstone is almost unique among European statesmen in that he has not allowed statesmanship to absorb his manhood. Even while governing Great Britain as prime minister, he was thoughtful of the personal needs of those about him. The vision of the statesman surveyed millions of human beings all over the globe, but the eyes of the man looked kindly into the faces of individuals whose only claim for recognition was that they needed sympathy. The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, tells in the *Independent* three incidents illustrating that a great man may be devoted to humanity at large, and yet care for individuals—not a common trait even among philanthropists. Mr. Hall says:

"Some time ago I happened to be at the house of a solicitor who had paid a recent visit to Hawarden as a tourist. On his return he entered a carriage in which was a woman with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which my friend admired.

"Mr. Gladstone gave them to me," said the woman.

"Oh," replied my friend, "how was that?"

"He was told that every servant who left the castle with a good character was invited to return to spend a week during the summer. 'I used to be a servant there,' continued the woman, 'but left because I was going to be married. I have, however, just been staying there a week, and as I was leaving I met Mr. Gladstone in the garden. He asked me if I liked flowers, and when I said that I did he gave me this bunch, which he had in his hand, saying, "Pray accept them."'

"Another incident was related to me at Wigan by my host. A young girl of that town, who was dying of consumption, made a bookmark for Mr. Gladstone's birthday, and her doctor sent it to him, telling the circumstances. Immediately there came back a note of sympathy, and a basket of magnificent grapes from Mr. Gladstone's own vine.

"The other incident happened when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was told me by Sir Francis Crossley. Sir Francis was one day dining with the vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, to which church Mr. Gladstone used to go when living in Carlton House Terrace.

"The vicar had recently been to see a crossing-sweeper in his parish who was ill. On being asked if any one had been to see him, the sweeper replied:

"Yes, Mr. Gladstone."

"Which Mr. Gladstone?" asked the vicar.

"Mr. Gladstone," repeated the poor invalid.

"But how came he to see you?" inquired the vicar.

"Well," answered the crossing-sweeper, "he always had a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my mate, who has taken my place, where I was, and when he heard I was ill, he asked for my address, and put it down on paper. So he called to see me."

"And what did he do?" asked the vicar.

"Why, he read some Bible to me and prayed," was the reply."

CURED OF CURSING.

"A word fitly spoken" was that by which a lady cured a man of the habit of swearing. He was an uneducated Irishman, whose specialty was the removal and planting of large trees. Mr. Aubrey De Vere, in his "Recollections" published in the *Century*, tells of the cure effected by the lady for whose husband the swearing man was working. Said he, describing his reformation:

When I was a young man I was continually cursing, and now I curse mighty little. Neither priest nor parson could make any hand of me. It was a lady that cured me—Mrs. Oldworthy.

I was planting a tree, and a big one; and was after saying to the men, "Three bounces each man round that tree, to stiffen the earth." Now there was a laborer among them who could not bounce

rightly because he was wearing a greatcoat. Then I began to curse him most terribly, and never heard Mrs. Oldworthy coming up behind me.

Said she, "I've heard great cursing in my life, but I never heard cursing like that!" I was greatly frightened and answered:

"Sure, ma'am, it is only for his own good, and for the good of his innocent children, that I am cursing him; for if Mr. Oldworthy saw him working in a greatcoat, he'd turn him out of the concern, and they would all starve together."

Then she gave me a wonderful answer: "Sir," she said, "it's a wonder to me that you would not think more of your own soul than of another man's body!" Since then I've been dropping the fashion.

MR. LINCOLN'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

He who observed Abraham Lincoln's life from boyhood to manhood might have appropriately applied to him Tennyson's expressive phrase, "And breasts the blows of circumstances." The blows were severe, for the circumstances were hostile. The poverty of his parents allowed him to attend school only at intervals, when he could be spared from the log cabin and the corn-patch. His father and mother encouraged him to learn, but they could not give him a school attendance of more than a single year during his whole boyhood. But he made the best use of his rare opportunities.

"One of his teachers," says Mr. Chittenden, in his "Personal Reminiscences," "remembers him as his most eager and diligent scholar, arrayed in a buckskin suit, with a cap made from the skin of a raccoon, coming with a worn-out arithmetic in his hands to begin his studies in the 'higher branches.'"

He was intense and thorough. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," was the counsel that controlled him. He took the first steps in writing and speaking correctly by memorizing a book on grammar. Meeting the word "demonstrate," he found that it meant to prove so as to exclude doubt.

"What is it to prove?" he asked. He had never heard of a work on logic, but he got hold of "Euclid," and solved all its problems. When he had gone through its geometrical demonstrations, he knew what it meant to prove a thing.

A book on land-surveying fell into his hands. He became interested in it; then he studied it, and became a land surveyor.

He had acquired the mental habit, a rare one, of doing thoroughly whatever he undertook. But at twenty-two he had no trade or occupation, and he had failed in every business he had undertaken. He had been a farm hand, a ferryman, a flat-boatman, a clerk in a country store and the superintendent of a flour mill. He had been sold out twice by the sheriff—once while keeping a country store, and again when doing business as a land surveyor.

But in spite of his failures, he was known as "Honest Abe Lincoln." He gained the reputation by the integrity which marked his dealings. The man who, at the last sheriff's sale, bought Lincoln's horse, compass and other instruments was almost a stranger; but he sent them all back to him with the kindly message to "pay for them when he was able."

Once a woman, living four miles from his store, bought several articles and paid for them. After she had departed, Lincoln discovered that he had overcharged her thirty cents. Instead of waiting until she had complained of the overcharge, he walked to her home and returned the three times.

Mr. Chittenden tells this anecdote to illustrate the scrupulosity of the man. A new post-office was established, and young Abe was appointed postmaster. So small was the amount of money received that the government neglected to call for its payment until he had relinquished the office and was a lawyer in Springfield.

A friend, thinking it might be inconvenient for Lincoln to pay the money, offered to advance the sum. Lincoln declined the kind offer, and to satisfy his friend, drew out from his desk an old stocking containing the identical coins which he had received in payment of postage. The friend was surprised, for Lincoln was then very poor; but he was not poor enough to use one penny of the money which belonged to the United States.

Town collectors who lend the money received for taxes and pocket the interest; trustees and treasurers of churches who deposit trust funds to their private account and bank thereupon, may think Lincoln quixotic; but men of old-fashioned integrity will say, "He did just as he ought to have done."

We knew one of these old-fashioned men. His firm, during the panic of "Black Friday," was paying eighteen per cent. for money; yet he had in his safe fifty thousand dollars of trust funds.

"I was sure of myself," he said to the writer, "but I was not sure of my partner—therefore I did not tell him."

Subsequently Lincoln began to travel on the highway of success. "His luck has turned," said his friends. Tennyson expresses the idea in a more poetic form—"And grasps the skirts of happy chance." But had he not been *thorough*, and had he not breast "the blows of circumstance," he would have been what hundreds complain of being, the creature of circumstances. He made circumstances his creatures, and he became the nation's leader and the slave's emancipator.

SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN TREASURE.

The Philadelphia *Press* reports some interesting talk of an old detective concerning the queer places in which suspicious people hide their money. Such persons are not of necessity misers. They may simply have become distrustful of banks and safety vaults, and so have fallen into the practice of keeping their treasure in some secret place where they can see it as often as they wish. One of the detective's stories had to do with the case of a New Jersey man, known to be wealthy, who died and left his family altogether in the dark as to the whereabouts of his property. They searched high and low, and as a last resort called in professional assistance.

A few inquiries satisfied the detective that the deceased was not a miser, and furthermore, that his method of hiding his money was probably a simple one. He had passed much of his life at sea, and was known to be accustomed to the use of a needle and thread.

"Let me see his clothing," said his detective. The family smiled. They had been through it with knitting-needles, and had torn out the linings. It was old and badly worn—they could never persuade him to dress respectably—and they had given it away.

"Send for it," said the detective. "I must see it for myself."

The clothing was recovered, and to the astonishment of the family, the detective ripped off the wide bindings of the coat and vest and took out four ten-thousand-dollar bonds, tightly creased and wrapped about with oiled silk.

"I would give more for a good guess," says the detective, "than for any systematic method." Such a guess helped him to a comfortable fee from the estate of another man whose heirs believed him to have left a fortune although they could not find it. He was an elderly man, and therefore, so the detective reasoned, not likely to have hidden his treasure far from home.

A week's work resulted in nothing. The dead

man's saddle, the heels of his boots, his furniture, everything was pulled to pieces, but no money could be found. The ground was dug up under all the trees. Still no sign of the missing property. Then, one day, as the detective was setting out for a drive, a brother of the deceased said to him:

"You will find the place well laid out. My brother surveyed it himself."

"Ah," thought the detective. "Then he probably did not hide his money in the house nor in the barn; neither would a surveyor be likely to resort to the root of a tree, or to a stone."

The detective gave up his drive, went back to the house, and asked where the man had been in the habit of sitting.

"At this window," the brother answered. Every old gentleman has a favorite chair.

"Sit down there," said the detective, "and show me what position your brother generally took." It was clear at once that he looked straight toward an old disused pump. The detective ordered the pump taken up, and its surroundings searched. Nothing was found. Then he went back to the window. On the sill was a faint but peculiar mark. It was a surveyor's point.

The detective followed the line to the pump, measured it, and found its exact half-way point. There, at a depth of four feet, he found a two-inch steam-pipe. Both ends of it were plugged, and inside were the bonds and certificates of stocks for which the heirs had been searching.

ANTIQUITY.

This sloping ground is undermined
By field-mice galleries winding blind,—
A labyrinth like that which thrills
The Pyramids:

And here and there, from place to place,
Unseen as our strange vanished race,
The mole builds his long serpent mound
Across the ground.

Ere Egypt reared her sphinx's crest,
Ere those Mound-Builders pierced the West,
The field-mouse and the mole knew how
To build as now.

Original.

J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

MISHAPS OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

The following are some of the reasons why Violet Wellington did not go into town on Wednesday. She was a little late for the train, and her father called after her as she scurried down the walk, "Violet, I wish you were *ever* in time!" "I *will* be in time!" she exclaimed to herself, and she spun along over stick and stone, skimming puddle and gutter with unerring skill. Perhaps her lightness of foot misled her into a momentary indulgence of spiritual pride. At any rate, in a most unpromising part of the muddy thoroughfare, she slipped, tried to save herself, and ended by plunging into a fruit-stand.

The apples and oranges rolled in every direction, and Violet, being an honest though reckless soul, stopped to pick them up. At the end of the process her gloves were muddy, her temper somewhat the worse for use, and more serious than all, her train slipped slowly out of the station. She had been left!

She gathered herself together, apologized again to the apple woman, and bought some fruit she didn't want; then she went slowly on to the station, and sitting down in the waiting-room, tried to "cool off." Presently Rose Maynard came in.

"O Violet!" she said. "Are you going in on the next train? I wish I were. I just came in to cash auntie's rebate. Then I'm going over to give her the money and see if she's been baking cookies this morning. Come with me! You've plenty of time."

That was quite true. Violet glanced at the clock and put her arm through her friend's. They went out together, chatting merrily, and were soon on the way to auntie's. Auntie was at home, and the cookies were just coming out of the oven. The kitchen had a pleasant smell of spice and sugar, and Violet settled herself for a pleasant talk.

She ate some cookies, she paid auntie the ten cents she had borrowed last Sunday for the contribution-box, and last of all she looked at the clock. The glance was not reassuring, and she gathered her packages together and fled. In vain! For just as she reached the station, again the train was drawing inexorably out.

"Well," said Violet. She almost stamped her foot there in the street, with the two hackmen of the town looking on and wondering why she was in such a rage. "Well, this shan't happen again, I'll have to follow the clock hands every instant!"

She sat down in the waiting-room, and gave herself up to the absorbing occupation of watching the clock. Almost tuned the ticket-office opened. She got up to buy her ticket, and put her hand in her pocket for her purse. She had left it at auntie's! Violet stood for a moment in thought. She could get her ticket, for the man would trust her overnight; but could she shop with no money to pay for her purchases? Slowly and sadly she turned away homeward.

"All I dread is papa," she said to herself. "All lunch time he'll tell me what particular faults they were that led me into trouble!"

A BEEF-EATING TIGER.

"Don" was the local name by which for many years a large male tiger was known. Donnay in Canarese means a cudgel, and is applied to rough persons. The tiger, however, had gained the name from his great size and imposing appearance. Though harmless, as far as human beings were concerned, Don was a glutton at beef. He never hurt the smallest cowboy, but he required his steaks regularly and of good quality. His appetite made him a successful hunter of cattle. There was no avoiding him when he wanted beef. Mr. Sanderson tells in his book, "Among the Wild Beasts of India," an amusing incident, illustrative of Don's appreciation of good beef.

A cow was in the habit of straying into the fields at night. Her owner, to restrict her nocturnal wanderings and yet allow her to graze, yoked her to an old bullock. Instead of reforming her ways, she corrupted the ancient bullock, and one night led him into a field of beans.

While they were feeding upon the sweet-smelling blossoms, Don found them. He killed the cow and ate more than half of her, leaving the lean-yoked bullock unharmed. The half-eaten cow and the terrified bullock were found in the morning.

Mr. Sanderson hunted Don on several occasions, but failed to find him. The natives did not believe he ever would be shot, and even the skillful white hunter began to think that never a tiger retained his skin so cleverly as did this huge beef-eater. But there came a violent rain with a cold, biting wind. Many cattle were so benumbed that they could scarcely move. Don killed fourteen out of one herd, and being gorged with beef, remained in the neighborhood.

Mr. Sanderson went out against him with five elephants and a hundred picked trackers and beaters.

He was discovered lying near three half-eaten carcasses. Upon seeing the trackers he retired. But the hundred pounds of beef he had eaten made him unequal to the exertion of running on a hot day across an open country.

Mr. Sanderson had taken up his post in a small

tree, under which the tiger passed at a gallop. Two shots, one into his neck, the other in the right thigh, brought him down; but starting up again, he got into cover, where the hunter was obliged to leave him as night was coming on. The next morning he was found and killed.

When this famous tiger had fallen dead, the trackers and beaters regarded him with pity. "He never hurt any of us," said a native, looking reproachfully at his fellows.

So fat was he that twenty-four quarts of fat was boiled from his carcass. A fair yield for a tiger is from six to nine quarts. "His fat is the fat of a thousand kine," said the admiring natives, bottling the liquid, to be used in rheumatism and for cattle diseases.

RECKLESS DISCIPLINE OF A SOLDIER.

At Sebastopol, during the siege, a Captain Samoiloff, wishing some wine, ordered an officer to send a man after it. The man, a young soldier, took the money and started to do the errand. Just then, however, a French battery had concentrated its fire upon the very spot where the young man must go outside the works. He stopped, and then turned back. "I wouldn't go out there for the world!" he said.

The officer, of course, reported the act of disobedience to the captain. The captain, in a rage, ordered the man into his presence, and demanded why he had not obeyed his captain's order.

"I beg you to pardon me, captain, but I was terribly afraid."

"Afraid!" cried the captain. "Afraid! A Russian soldier afraid! Wait a minute. I will drive the fear out of you. Come with me."

The captain led the way to the rampart, mounted it, and there, with the bullets raining round him, began putting the man through some military exercises. The lookers-on in the fort held their breath. If a hat was put on a bayonet and lifted above the walls, the bullets came that way on the instant.

Not many seconds elapsed before a bullet struck the captain in the arm. He did not wince, but kept on with the drill, while the blood dripped down his hand to the wall.

Next a bullet went through the tail of the soldier's coat, and another through his knapsack. Then suddenly the firing ceased.

The soldier begged for grace, and promised to go wherever he was sent. Still the captain continued his drill. When he thought the lesson had been learned, or, perhaps, when his arm grew too painful, he dismissed the soldier and went himself to the surgeon and had his wound dressed.

The French explained afterward that they ceased firing out of sheer astonishment at the sight of the two men exposing themselves so recklessly.

"If they had been English, instead of French," concludes the Russian officer who tells the story, and who evidently has a prejudice against John Bull, "they would have killed our brave captain past a doubt."

PITIFULLY HUMOROUS.

Some men's wives are too much like slaves; beings whose duty it is to be contented with plenty of hard work and something less than a plenty of board and clothes. Such a case seems to have been brought to light recently in southern Indiana, under circumstances half-pathetic, half-humorous. It is reported by the Indianapolis *Sentinel*.

An aged couple who had lived snugly for many years, sold their farm for sixteen thousand dollars. In due course the purchaser called with a notary to close up the business. The notary had prepared a deed, which the farmer signed, and passed to his wife, whose signature also was necessary.

To the surprise of all concerned, the woman refused to put her name to the document.

"I have lived on this farm for fifty years," she said, "and I'm not going to sign away my rights unless I get something out of it that I can call my own."

The husband reasoned with her; the notary did likewise. She was immovable. The purchaser grew nervous. There was no telling how unreasonable her demands might be, and he was eager to get the farm.

"How much will you take to sign the deed?" he inquired. The woman hesitated. Finally she said: "Well, I think I ought to have two dollars."

The man handed her the amount, and she signed the papers. Then she turned the silver dollars over and over, jingling one against the other, and chuckling over her good fortune.

"Well, well," she said, "this is the first money I ever had in my life to spend to suit myself."

ANOTHER FLYING-MACHINE.

The hopes of those who think man may yet succeed in navigating the air have been brightened by the recent successful trial of Professor Langley's flying-machine at Quantico, Md. Professor Langley and Mr. Maxim in England are both working upon the aeroplane theory, which is based on the fact that a thin, flat disk, when moved rapidly in a slanting position, tends to sustain itself in the air.

Mr. Maxim's machine, when tried last summer, developed so much power to rise that it broke from the rails intended to guide it, and was partly wrecked.

Professor Langley's experiments last December were more successful. The body of his machine has been described as resembling a porpoise in shape. It is made of aluminum, and contains a small steam-engine which drives two screws acting on the air as the screw of a steamship acts on the water. Four aeroplanes are attached to the machine, inclining upward toward the direction in which it is driven by the screws.

There is a rudder to direct the flight, and the aeroplanes, or wings, can be set at different inclinations, according to the angle at which it is desired that the machine shall ascend or descend.

A flight of about a thousand feet in length has been made with this machine, which is intended simply as an experimental model, and by no means as a complete and practical ship of the air.

PRIZE SAYINGS.

London *Tit-bits* offered a prize for "bulls." The first one here presented was deemed the best. The others were also selected for their excellence.

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for their recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "if these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago a lecturer gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"



SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

Dear little boys, whose birthday comes
With Washington's to-day,
You may not be the President
(Although, perhaps, you may)
But each who does the best he can
May be, like him, a noble man.

LITTLE MARTHA WASHINGTON.

"What are you going to do?" called Martie to her brother, as he hurried through the hall one cold and dreary afternoon.

"We are going to celebrate Washington's Birthday! Mother said we could have the attic all the afternoon, and I'm going to be George Washington, and be inaugurated!" said George Dewell, in reply to his sister's question, as he rushed upstairs with three of his friends.

"Oh, let me come, too! Please!" said Martie. "No, you can't!" called back George. "You'd spoil everything! We don't want any girls!"

The attic door shut with a bang, the bright look faded from Martie's face, and tears shone in her eyes.

"I do wish George liked me better!" she said to herself, as she went back to the sitting-room.

Her brother came down-stairs for some heavy paper and a pair of scissors—"to make some hats of," he explained.

"Can't I come up and just look on?" pleaded Martie. "I might be Martha Washington, because that is my name. Mother has gone out, and it is so lonesome!"

"No, we don't want you," returned George; "you'd only bother. What a tease you are!"

Martie stood looking out of the window after her brother had gone.

The day was rainy, and the city street did not present an inviting appearance; but Martie was not thinking of what she saw.

"I can make things to eat that he likes, if he does think I'm a bother!" she muttered, half-resentfully. "I believe I'll go and make some chocolate creams and eat them all up, and not give him one!"

Then her sweet disposition asserted itself, as a new thought came to her.

"I'll do it!" she said, and went smiling toward the kitchen.

Two hours later, as the four boys came down-stairs, they were met at the sitting-room door by a quaint little figure.

It was a little girl in a long, black silk skirt and neat-fitting Jersey waist. A white muslin kerchief was folded about her neck, and the ends crossed prettily in front. Her hair was brushed straight back, and was powdered slightly, while a dainty white muslin cap, with a lace frill, set off the sweet face beneath it.

In the dim light of the hall George did not recognize his sister for an instant. Then he exclaimed:

"Why, Martie, what in the world —"

But she interrupted him with a wave of the hand.

"Do you not know me?" she said. "It is Martha Washington, and I should like to have you come in and lunch with me."

What boy can withstand the word "lunch?" Certainly not one of these four. Entering the room, they saw a small table with five easy-chairs ranged about the open fire. On the table were little frosted cakes, rosy apples and a dish of chocolate creams, besides a pretty pitcher filled with lemonade.

Little Martha Washington served her guests with a pretty grace that made the strangers feel perfectly at home, while George wished he could recall those cross words that he had spoken to Martie. He had not been altogether happy since they had passed his lips, and this kind attention to his guests made him feel more uncomfortable than before.

But they had a jolly time, and after the other boys were gone George said:

"Martie, you are a brick! I say, it was mean of me not to let you come with us this afternoon; but you didn't mind much, did you?"

"Not so very much," said Martie. "But I don't care a bit now," she added, "if you really like me just a little. I was afraid you didn't at all."

"Like you!" ejaculated her brother. "Why,

I'd be a pretty mean sort of fellow if I didn't! Why, Martie, you're a—a brick!"

Which Martie felt was the very best praise she could have had from George.

A HOLIDAY DINNER.

Hurrah! Washington's birthday, and no school. Outdoors they all ran—Jimmy and Jacky and Chubby and Fidgets. It had been thawing all night, and the snow was soft and sticky, just right for snow-balls, and perfectly splendid for snow men!

Jimmy rolled up the snow, Jacky shaped it into figures, Chubby admired, and Fidgets barked. Soon they had quite a group of snow statues. Here was General Washington with his cocked hat and his cue; the face was carved with an old kitchen-knife, and mamma said it was really a likeness. Cornwallis hung his head, because he had to surrender, and Benedict Arnold looked so cross that Fidgets growled at him.

"Now for a statue of America!" shouted Jacky.

Soon a stately figure towered above the rest; all that was wanting was a sceptre in her hand.

"Take a cob of corn," suggested Chubby. "It looks so goldy."

So America pointed her corn

sceptre at the Revolutionary heroes. Then the children ran in to dinner, they were so hungry!

But what do you think? Mrs. Red Squirrel was keeping holiday, too, and she was just starting out to do her marketing. She peeped from her door first one way and then the other, and when she saw that Fidgets was nowhere in sight, she gave a chuckle, and slid down from the oak-tree.

She cocked up her saucy little head at Washington and the others; then she made a bold dash at America, and knocked the sceptre right out of her hand. Next she gnawed off some of the corn, and stuffed it into her shopping-bag, which, by the way, was her own little mouth.

"My dear, what a bargain-hunter you are!" said Mr. Red Squirrel when she came home.

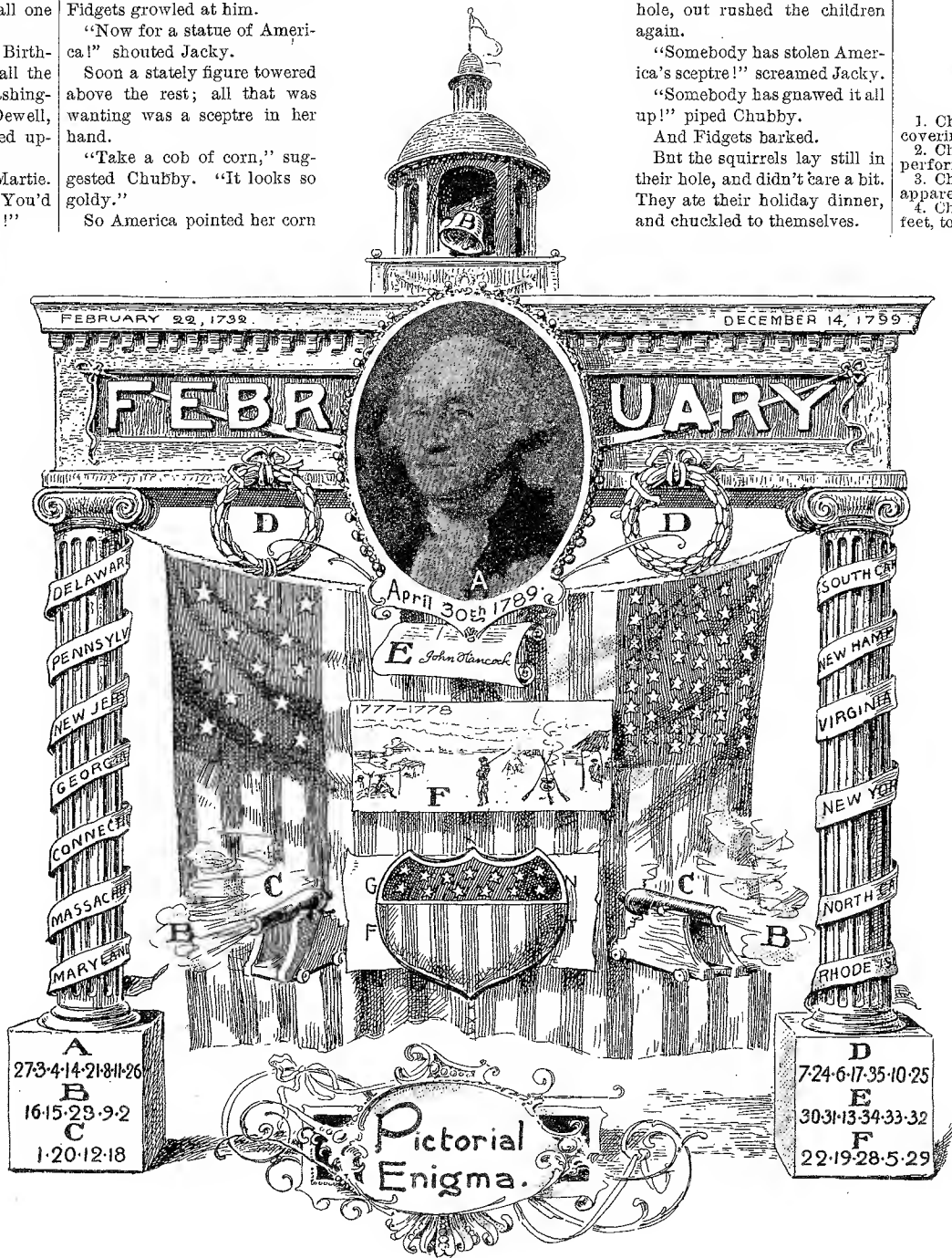
He even curled up his tail in the latest style, and started out to help her carry home her bundles. Up and down the tree they scampered, with their cheeks puffed out like rubber balls, till they had brought in the last load. Just as their tails whisked in at the hole, out rushed the children again.

"Somebody has stolen America's sceptre!" screamed Jacky.

"Somebody has gnawed it all up!" piped Chubby.

And Fidgets barked.

But the squirrels lay still in their hole, and didn't care a bit. They ate their holiday dinner, and chuckled to themselves.



The answer to the above Pictorial Enigma presents the name of a person of national fame, and the distinction that belongs to him alone in the history of our country.

The answer is partially visible from behind the shield, and is composed of thirty-five letters, each letter being used but once in forming the several words.

The portions of the picture lettered A, B, C, D, E, F are the illustrations which serve to utilize all the numbered letters of the answer; the words being obtained by the direct name of the object, or by what it represents.

The panels in the column bases contain the reference letters and numbers, showing the letters taken from the answer to form the several titles of the corresponding illustrations. "F" presents only the second word of the two that compose the title of that illustration.

WHO KNOWS?

I wonder if George Washington,
When he was nine years old,
Turned out his toes and brushed his hair
And always shut the door with care
And did as he was told.
I wonder if he never said,
"Oh dear!" when he was sent to bed.

ANNA M. PRATT.

WASHINGTON-PIES.

The sun had almost sunk behind the tree-tops, and still Belle sat silently and sadly looking out of the window.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, "I s'posed Washington would have come to this street first, 'cause it's named for him!"

She peered anxiously out into the deepening twilight.

"An' he isn't coming now!" she murmured, "an' his birthday's 'most gone! I'll go an' ask mamma!" and she ran quickly down the stairs to the brightly lighted sitting-room.

"Isn't George Washington coming?" she asked, sorrowfully. "I've been watching for him most all day!"

Mamma smiled.

"George Washington coming?" she said in an amused tone. "Why, he died long ago, Belle!"

"Oh dear!" moaned Belle, "an' that's why he forgot to bring round the pies! I 'most thought he'd come here at the beginning 'cause I s'posed he lived on Washington Street."

She sat very still for several minutes, and the shining teardrops tried to play tag down her fat little cheeks, but she brushed them all quickly away.

"An' we'll never have any more pies, mamma?" she asked, slowly.

"You come and see!" answered mamma, and there on the tea-table lay two large round Washington-pies.

Belle clapped her hands with delight.

"He brought them after all, didn't he, mamma!" she exclaimed, jubilantly.

"You run and ask Bridget," was all mamma said.

MARGARET DANE.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, Etc.

1.

SEASONABLE PI.

"Linut mite halls eb on rome, fiwl a sett fo het sreggors chvwh uro orae sha deam ni widmos dan truvie eb vidreed morf eth enarvovine pida ot het trimdoma mean fo Shonwigan."—Drol Mugrobah.

2.

RIDDLE.

My first is a beginning,
My second is a measure,
My whole comes seldom, but appears
To mark for us the flight of years
And should be filled with pleasure.
I'm certain you have had a few
But Washington had more than you.

3.

METAMORPHOSES.

1. Change a woman's cloak to a man's head-covering.
2. Change a man's head-covering to theatrical performers.
3. Change an animal to an article of wearing-apparel.
4. Change an article of wearing-apparel, for the feet, to an animal.

5. Change an animal to a law.
6. Change a law to enticement.
7. Change a tyrant to headquarters.

8. Change headquarters to a scape-grace.
9. Change a luminary to a tree.

10. Change a tree to a jury.
11. Change ships to an article of foot-wear.

12. Change an article of foot-wear to articles of foot-wear.
13. Change an active movement to a loud noise.

14. Change a noise to confectionery.
15. Change a minion to a remedy.

16. Change a remedy to an animal.
17. Change an animal to a weapon.

18. Change a weapon to certain sailors.

CHARADE.

My first schoolgirls do; my second gives us light; my third is very important to you; my fourth is hard to remember and good to eat; my whole is often a grand thing to do, if people can agree.

PUZZLE.

In the Wild Thyme State you will find:

Metal.
A colored man.
A Roman tyrant.
The blood he shed.
Myself.

In the Lake State you will find:

A human being.
Part of his face.
A horse for him to ride.
Meat for him to eat.
A tin or glass vessel.
A fetter.
A German river.
A country of Asia.

ENIGMA.

1 is the beginning of happiness.
1, 2, often repeated, is a sign of merriment.
1, 2, 3 covers and protects.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is a brood.
2, 4, 5, 6 brings suffering.
2, 4, 5, 6, 7 is a dishonest man.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is a historic tool.

7.

A HUMOROUS HERBARIUM.

Guess the names of the following plants:

1. A novel by Eugene Sue.
2. A dilapidated little red-breast.
3. What a Knickerbocker loves.
4. The Frenchman's little darling.
5. What reynard would use in a boxing-match.
6. What a bird would wear, were it a steed.
7. The two amber-colored ingredients of cake.
8. Twisted crooked.
9. What the sun did this morning.
10. What Captain Smith's mother would have said to him, had he sat on a pin.
11. To rival one another, an interjection, and what houses often are.

8.

A NOTED STRUCTURE.

50
500
Bridge.

CONUNDRUMS.

What people do the most work in the world? Forchanded (four-handed) people.
Why is a net full of fish like a large public room? It is a big haul (hall).

What is the difference between Niagara Falls and oxide of calcium? One is lime and the other is sublime.

Why is the money that a laborer earns like an active bonnet? Because it is his livelihood (lively hood).

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. Still, fill, pill, dill, skill, ill, gill, spill, till, bill, will, sill, shrill, kill, frill, stilt, rill, mill, hill, thrill, quill, Jill.

2. You, ten, sill—utensil.

3. 1. Met a physician, metaphysician. 2. Man date, mandate. 3. An(n) drew, Andrew. 4. Com(e) for table, comfortable. 5. A band on, abandon. 6. A trophy, atrophy. 7. ten or, tenor. 8. Vat I can, Vatican.

4. Vain, sent, tale, in, Saint Valentine.

5. Sole.

6. 1. "Ginevra," Rogers. 2. "Lady Clare," Tennyson. 3. "Maud," Tennyson. 4. "Enid," Tennyson. 5. "Melissa," Tennyson. 6. "Maud Muller," Whittier. 7. "Priscilla," Longfellow. 8. "Petruchio," Shakespeare.

Third Avenue, 59th and 60th Sts., New York.



HE HAD PEANUTS IN HIS HAND.

"He that hath plenty of peanuts, and giveth his neighbor none," was no relative of that ancient Peruvian chief whose tomb was recently opened in the valley of Yucay, in the vicinity of Cuzco. This venerable individual of the period of the Incas, who was perhaps a cousin german to Atahualpa, was found to have peanuts in his outstretched, mummy hand, as if desirous of giving them to distant posterity.

Veritable peanuts they were, brown, shrunken and crumbling to dust, it is true, but plainly peanuts, from which not even all of the well-known odor had quite departed.

The discovery is of no little interest to archaeologists, for hitherto the origin of the peanut has been a matter of some doubt. But in the light of this gift to us from the hand of one who lived and died long before the days of the inhuman Pizarro, it is plain that the ancient Peruvians ate peanuts, and deemed them good enough to take to their graves with them.

A fellow-feeling is thereby established between our small boy and the ancient Peruvians. He will at once recognize that they must have been proper people, whom he would have enjoyed knowing; they ate peanuts and liked them; and they kept some for him.

To the three great staple plants which America has given to the world,—corn, cotton and tobacco,—we may now add the peanut; for nobody had ever seen a peanut in Europe, Asia or Africa at the time this old chief closed his fist on this more than mediæval handful, now brought to light.

And apropos, we may mention that Professor Putnam—the same who promoted and directed the magnificent anthropological exhibit at the World's Fair—announces that what he jocosely terms "the great-grandfather of the pumpkin" has been discovered in one of the prehistoric burial caves of Kentucky. That little-known race, the Mound-builders, raised pumpkins, or at least squashes.

UNCOMFORTABLE RESEMBLANCE.

An active member of the London detective force narrates an amusing adventure, which shows that the cleverest of men are liable to err when nature sets herself to outwit them.

I was instructed to arrest a certain man, with whose appearance I felt myself to be perfectly familiar, and I kept a keen lookout for my customer. The very next day I "spotted" him on an omnibus in the Strand, pursued the vehicle, and having satisfied myself by a closer look, took him away to the station, he all the while protesting that I had made a mistake.

I had. He turned out to be a respectable gentleman, with a most peculiar and unfortunate likeness to the "wanted" man. I was much disappointed; not only had I missed the party I wanted, but I had bungled the job. I was yet in my detective novitiate, and I got pretty severely snubbed by my chief.

The very next day, while walking down a street,—in Islington this time,—I stopped and rubbed my eyes. Here was my man coming, dressed totally unlike the stranger of yesterday. I tapped him on the arm. He turned round and exclaimed, "You, is it?" and I informed him of my business. Entering a cab, we went to the station, not another word passing between us.

To my amazement and disgust, he again turned out to be the wrong man, the one I had arrested the day before!

"Why did you not explain?" I asked, somewhat excitedly.

"Sir!" he thundered, "from my experience of you yesterday, I came to the conclusion you were no gentleman;" and darting a withering glance at me, he disappeared.

THE CITY FRIGHTENED HIM.

It is not strange that a man who has always lived in quiet places should feel bewildered and almost frightened when he finds himself for the first time in a big city. Luckily, this feeling is seldom so extreme as in a case recorded by the St. Louis Republic:

Yesterday morning there arrived over the Cairo Short Line one of the quaintest characters ever seen in St. Louis. He was sixty years old, more than six feet in height, and looked like a giant for strength, but his spirit was clean gone.

He told the policeman at the station that he was from the "black district" of Illinois, otherwise known as "Egypt," and had come to visit a daughter who lived somewhere in St. Louis, he did not know where. He had not seen her for fifteen years. The policeman referred him to the accommodating young man in charge of the bureau of information.

But the man had no disposition to attempt to find his daughter. The city had scared him past all help. He had seen enough of it from the door of the station. He would like to see his daughter, he said, but he wasn't going to take any chances of getting lost.

"I won't leave this depot till the train carries me home," he declared; and he kept his word. All day he waited. Once he walked over and asked the policeman if there was any place near by where he could buy a fur cap. The policeman told him of one, but he went no farther than the door.

In the early evening his train started, and as he passed through the gate to enter the car he told the officer that if he ever got home he would stay there.

WELL REMEMBERED.

"Now, sir," said a travelling artist to little Mr. Oppenheimer, "I understand you are a widower. I presume this photograph is that of your deceased wife?"

"Ya-as; dat vas my Amalie," replied Mr. Oppenheimer, with a respectful glance at the photograph in the artist's hand.

"Well, now," continued the man of paint, "I could take this photograph and enlarge it to eight times its present size, color it up just right, and give you a speaking likeness, all for a dollar."

"Dat is jeeep enough," returned the little widower, "and it would be goot to see my Amalie so large and handsome. Bud it iss no matter if de likeness do not *sheak*," added Mr. Oppenheimer, hastily. "Dat is too much to expect for one dollar, and I regall my Amalie's voice most perfectly."

"NAME twelve animals of the polar regions," said the professor, and the despairing student wrote: "Six seals and six polar bears."

"Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice" cleanses and preserves the teeth. Used daily it prevents trouble from bad teeth or soft gums. [Ado.

WANTED AGENTS to sell Sash Locks and Door Holders. Sample Sash Lock free by mail for 2 cent stamp. Best sellers ever invented. Beats weights. \$12 a day. Write quick. BROHARD & CO., Box 3, Philadelphia.

Send 35 Cents

for a Prophylactic Toothbrush and you will realize real tooth-comfort. It is the only brush that truly cleanses the teeth—cleanses the crevices as well as the surface. It is reliable in material, perfect in construction, reasonable in price. Dentists everywhere endorse it. Drug-gists everywhere sell it. In use follow directions. Book free.

ELORENCE M'FILL CO., 200 FINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

MORE THAN \$1.00 for 25 Cts.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

Rare Seeds at Less than a Quarter their Value. A special and unequalled offer for trial to gain new customers by a well-known Philadelphia firm of Seed Growers. The varieties embrace the most beautiful novelties, and have been grown at FORDHOOK FARM, famous as one of the model seed farms of the world.

BURPEE'S Gem Collection for 1895

contains one packet each of the new Aster White Branching, with immense double Chrysanthemum-like flowers in great profusion, alone 15c. per pkt.; New Petunia Burpee's Defiance Largest Flowering Mixed, flowers measuring over five inches in diameter; \$145.00 in cash prizes for the largest blooms—the finest Petunias in the world, never sold for less than 25c. per pkt.; Imperial German Pansies Splendid mixed, more than fifty colors of the brightest and best Pansies. New Royal Dwarf Purple Cockcomb of immense size and great perfection. Marigold Legion of Honor, a novelty of rare and unusual beauty. New Calendula Giant Flowering Golden Yellow, immense light yellow flowers, perfectly double. Calliopis Coronata, an annual variety, old but little known. Choice Coleus, with grand leaves of many brilliant hues. New Yellow Dolichos, a distinct novelty and the new Brazilian Morning Glory, large flowering, quite distinct both in foliage and flower.

The ten packets named above, purchased from us or any other seedsmen would amount to \$1.20 at regular cash prices. We will, however, send all ten varieties, with full directions for culture printed on each packet—The Complete COLLECTION for only 25 CENTS, or five complete collections for \$1.00.

Never before have such rare and valuable seeds of the most beautiful flowers been offered at such a nominal price. We hope to make thousands of new customers and we guarantee perfect satisfaction to every purchaser.

To each one who asks for it we will also send FREE BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL for 1895, a handsome book of 174 pages, well known as the "leading American Seed Catalogue," or A Bright Book about Seeds, novel and unique. With the silver quarter you enclose two 2-cent stamps (or thirty cents in stamps altogether) besides the entire collection of seeds and either of the catalogues named, we will also send you a superb work of art entitled "A Year's Work at Fordhook Farm;" this beautiful book gives many pictures from photographs of America's Model Seed Farm. WRITE TO-DAY as this advertisement will not appear again and such value was never before offered for so little money. Catalogues alone FREE to any address.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Maule's Seeds Lead All!

Our new Seed Book for '95 is the Seed Book of the year. It contains everything good, new or old in Vegetables, Flowers, Field Seeds, Potatoes, Small Fruits, Flowering Plants, Bulbs, etc. Almost 1000 illustrations, \$2.70 in Cash Prizes, etc. Absolutely the most complete work of its kind ever issued.

75 CENTS FULL VALUE ONLY 15 CENTS.

This book is too expensive to mail free; we must ask 15 cents for it. However, if you mention this paper when writing, we will send you, together with the Catalogue, one packet each of the following Six Choice Floral Gems: 1 pkt. Double Pink Fireball; 1 pkt. Double Rose Flowered Balsam; 1 pkt. Mammoth Perfection Cosmos; 1 pkt. Mexican Pigmy Zinnia; 1 pkt. Tom Thumb Nasturtium; and 1 pkt. of the new and celebrated Sweet Scented Pansy, making 6 packets of the choicest seeds, worth 75 cents, together with our new Catalogue, to any address, for only 15 cents in postage stamps. Address

WM. HENRY MAULE, 1711 FILBERT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SEEDS RARE, FREE-BLOOMING FLOWERS. FREE OUR GRAND TRIAL BOX.

The great satisfaction given by our Free Trial Boxes in past seasons induce us to make a still greater trial offer this season to induce EVERYBODY to try our SUPERIOR FLOWERING SEEDS. This lot of fresh seeds will be readily and cannot but make thousands of permanent customers for us. Our Box contains

1 LOVELY TUBEROSE BULB, 1 MOTTLED GLADIOLUS BULB and One Packet each of

ASTER, Gov. McKinley, Over 50 grand colors.

SWEET PEAS, Emily Henderson, Best New White.

FORGET-ME-NOT, New Striped, Lovely Large Flower.

LINUM, Perpetual Flowering, Blooms All Summer.

POPPY, Riverside Mixture, Grandest Out.

WONDERFUL MEXICAN PRIMROSE, Worth 25 cents.

WHITE FLOWERS, 100 Sorts for White Bouquets.

YELLOW FLOWERS, 100 Sorts Mixed for Bouquets.

Remember one packet each of the above flowers and the two bulbs by mail, for only 25 cents, and in each box we put a 25-cent check which will count the same as 25 cents in cash on any \$1.00 order for seeds you may send us.

So this trial lot really costs nothing. We have about 1,400 of the choicest varieties, and want every reader of this paper to try them. Catalogue free. If you want to try vegetables send 10 cents for 6 sample packets. J. J. BELL, - BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

FREE! For one year, with every order for 4 boxes, that bright floral magazine, THE BELLFLOWER.

The Folding Kodet Junior

\$10.00

Size of Camera, 5 1/4 x 5 1/4 x 6 1/2 in.

Size of Picture, 4 x 5 in.

A practical camera with which any boy or girl can readily learn to make the best photographs. An illustrated instruction book, free with every instrument, explains each step clearly.

The Folding Kodet Jr. is a fully equipped camera for hand or tripod work. Note some of its points:

Adapted to roll film and glass plates; Reversible finder with focusing plate;

Ground glass for fine focusing; Improved shutter for time and instantaneous exposures.

Tripod Sockets for vertical or horizontal views; Self contained when closed, handsomely finished and covered with leather.

Price, with double plate holder, - \$10.00. Developing and Printing outfit, - \$1.50

Send for Kodet catalogue.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

A Book of Handsome House Designs.

Ninety-five plans, all costs; cheap, medium and elaborate. Views, floor plans, costs and descriptions. Convenient, Sensible Houses, thoroughly up to date. Send for "Artistic Dwellings," price \$1.00 prepaid. FRANK P. ALLEN, ARCHITECT, 187 Houseman Block, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WALL PAPER

SAMPLES FREE from the factories not controlled by the Wall Paper Trust, at prices fully 30 per cent. lower than others.

White Blanks that retail at 10c., 4c. a roll. New Lustres " " 10c., 7c. " " Embossed Golds " " 35c., 15c. " "

Other grades and borders as low.

DEALERS write for large books by DISCOUNT KAYSER & ALLMAN, The Largest Wall Paper Concern in the U. S. 932-934 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA. 418 Arch Street.

Marvelous Resurrection Plant.

The Greatest Curiosity. Thought to all appearances dead and dry it will come to life and show a beautiful rosette of elegant fern-like foliage as often as it is put in water.

Very beautiful and interesting. Price by mail postpaid only 10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. With it we will send free our condensed Catalogue (32 pages) of Specialties and Novelties, and Special Offers in Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits. Will also send by mail:

12 CHOICE MIXED GLADIOLUS, all colors, for.....10c.

5 CHOICE NAMED GLADIOLUS, extra fine, for.....10c.

10 OXALIS MIXED for 5c.—3 TUBEROSES for.....10c.

Or the whole 30 Bulbs and Resurrection Plant for 40c.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.

It is put in water. Very beautiful and interesting. Price by mail postpaid only 10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. With it we will send free our condensed Catalogue (32 pages) of Specialties and Novelties, and Special Offers in Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits. Will also send by mail:

Electric Lustre Starch

MAKES LINEN LOOK LIKE NEW.

Best Laundry Starch in the World. Requires no boiling. Always ready for instant use.

First-Class Grocers Sell It. Blue Packages 10 cents. Send for Sample.

Electric Lustre Starch Co., Boston and Chicago.



Semi-Dress Suits

For Men and Youths. Sizes, 31 to 44.

Clay's Black English Diagonal Worsted, most satisfactory wearing fabric in the world. Sacks, Single or Double-Breasted, Cutaway or Prince Albert Styles for

\$11.50.

Sample pieces sent free. Suits shipped C. O. D. with privilege of examining before paying. Money cheerfully returned if desired.

PUTNAM CLOTHING HOUSE, 135 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Nervous and Bilious

When your head feels as if "in a vise."

When your Stomach "trembles," feels "full" or distressed:

When excitement, worry, overwork or improper eating has paralyzed digestion—there is a safe, sure remedy in

Ripans Tabules

A celebrated prescription perfected by one of New York's famous hospitals.

By mail, 50 cents per box of Six vials.

(Sold also by best Druggists.)

To any reader of "The Companion" we will send samples of these Tabules FREE.

Special quantity package for physicians' use.

RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce Street, N. Y. City.

RUBIFOAM

A PERFECT LIQUID DENTIFRICE DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED.

ITS USE INSURES BEAUTIFUL CLEAN TEETH

Price 25 cents

E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Lovely Flowers Given Away

To introduce my SEEDS and BULBS, I will mail 2 New Excelstor Double Dwarf Pearl Tuberoses Bulbs, sure to bloom early; 4 Gladioli Bulbs—fancy mixed, lovely spikes all colors, nothing can equal these; 1 packet Marguerite Carnation,—give elegant flowers in 4 mos. from seed; 1 pkt. Pansy—The Alice, finest mxd., every color imaginable; 1 pkt. Poppy—Golden Gate, nothing makes a grander show; 1 packet Sweet Peas—Excelstor's Choice, mixed, over 30 sorts, simply grand; 1 pkt. Phlox, fancy mxd., includes many wonderful colors; 1 pkt. Chinese Pinks, all colors, and a flower everyone wants; 1 pkt. Mixed Flower Seeds for Wild Garden—over 100 kinds that will grow and bloom freely.

The above are selling for \$1.00, but as I have grown 100,000 collections simply to introduce my Seeds and Bulbs, will mail the complete lot, for only 25 cents to pay postage, packing, etc. They will bloom this season and make a great display. Order at once before all are taken. Catalogue of Vegetables and lovely Flowers FREE with each order. Full of Bargains.

If you send silver or Money Order, a Floral Work of art in ten colors and 50 cent certificate is sent free. Address

F. B. MILLS, Box 125, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

METAL WHEELS for your WAGONS.

Any size you want, 20 to 56 in. high. Tires 1 to 8 in. wide—hubs to fit any axle. Saves Cost many times in a season to have set of low wheels to fit your wagon for hauling grain, fodder, manure, hogs, &c. No resetting of tires. Cat's free. Address

EMPIRE MFG. CO., Quincy, Ill.



UNASSUMING MONARCH.

King Victor Emmanuel was always approachable to his people, and sometimes he paid a penalty for his extreme good nature. One night he was alighting before a certain theatre, where on the steps stood two shabbily dressed women. One of them drew a large and solid bundle from under her cloak, and threw it forward, striking the king in the face and knocking off his hat. He was furious, especially when the bundle was opened, and found to consist of a hard cushion of Berlin wool worked with beads. He entered the royal box, crimson with rage, and carrying the cushion in his hand. The manager stood at the door.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the king, holding up the offending cushion. "Go and see at once what mania has dared throw this at me!"

In spite of his anger, there was a general laugh, in which he was too good-natured not to join. The manager rushed out to pursue the offender, and found her still standing at the door of the theatre, trembling with fear. Far from intending treason or offence, she had destined the sofa cushion as a present.

The manager returned to the king and assured him that she had meant no harm.

"Well, there!" said Victor, holding out the unlucky article at arm's length, "take it back, and tell her I do not use such luxuries."

Just then a note, fastened to one of the tasseis, caught his eye.

"Ah," he continued, "what does this mean? Money! She prays me to accept this little offering from the mother of a family overwhelmed with debt!"

The affair passed off with a general laugh, but the king did not forget, and the next time he visited the theatre he called the manager to him and asked:

"What has become of the mother of the large family who throws cushions at my head?"

"She is dismissed, sire, and will never trouble you again."

"Ah, I am sorry! That was a mistake. I am not angry. Go to the manager of the theatre where she was employed, and beg him to forgive her. She meant no harm; the cushion was hard and stuffed with bran! Take her this money, and tell her never to throw anything at a king again; at least, not without warning!"

So unassuming a king liked modesty and homeliness of demeanor in others. In 1859 a Signor Pletza, Governor of Alessandria, was commanded to receive the French Emperor, about to pass through his province, and appealed to the king to be excused.

"I cannot suitably represent your majesty," he said. "I know nothing of etiquette."

"Is it possible?"

"I deeply regret my deficiency, your majesty, but so it is. I know absolutely nothing about it!"

"You tell me you know nothing of etiquette?" asked Victor Emmanuel a second time, a smile breaking over his face.

"Nothing, sire."

"Well, then, signor, give me your hand. You are the very person to represent me. I never in all my life understood etiquette!"

NATURE IN HER OWN COLORS.

Renewed interest has recently been awakened in the various efforts made to reproduce by photography the colors of a flower, of the sky or of a landscape. One of the most successful methods depends upon a skillful selection of three colored screens, representing the three primary hues of the spectrum. Through each of these screens a photograph is made, and the screen transmits only light of its own color, the photograph produced will in each case represent only those parts of the object from which light of that particular color is emitted. But upon combining the three photographs, all parts of the object will be found represented, without any color, however, just as in a single photograph made without screens.

The next step requires the use of a magic lantern of triple construction, in which transparencies of the three separate photographs can be placed, so that their images may be simultaneously thrown upon a large white sheet and accurately superposed there. Color screens corresponding to those with which the photographs were taken are now placed over the transparencies in the lantern, and the picture on the sheet immediately appears in the natural colors of the object represented.

A group of flowering shrubs, for instance, is shown not only with the various blossoms in their true colors, but with a surprisingly faithful reproduction of the delicate shades belonging to the petals of the separate flowers. So a picture of the human countenance made in this manner presents the color of the skin, the hair and the eyes with startling effect.

The reason why the combined picture on the sheet represents the original hues of the object is plain upon a moment's consideration. Each of the three photographs, it will be remembered, represents only those parts of the object which emit light of a particular color. The various shades, darker and lighter, of that color are represented in the photograph by varying degrees of intensity. Then when each photograph is placed in the lantern and covered with a screen of a corresponding color, its picture on the sheet will necessarily appear in that hue only.

The same thing occurs with each of the other two photographs, and inasmuch as the three pictures are accurately superposed on the sheet, and since their colors are the three primary colors which go to make daylight, the result of the combination must be a reproduction of nature's own complexion. Any imperfection in the imitation of the primary colors by the screens of course diminishes the faithfulness of the reproduction.

MISSED HER AIM.

Even feminine human nature sometimes loses its patience, as, for instance, in the following trying case reported by the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*:

An energetic and muscular matron who, in company with a friend, was engaged in some holiday shopping, found herself hustled and shoved about till her patience was clean gone. Then she retaliated with a dig of her elbow, aimed at one of her tormentors.

"There!" said she, turning to her friend, "I think I have given one of those wretches a dose."

"I think you have," answered her companion, when she could recover her breath; "it was me you punched."

STAMPS. 100 all diff. Venezuela, etc., 10c. Agts. wtd. 50 p.c. List free. C. A. Stegmann, 2706 Eads Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

UNIFORMS. Military Co's. Bands, Schools, Boy's Brigades, Etc. Illus. catalogue free. WESTERN UNIFORM CO., 308 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Borax Receipt Book Free.

30 pages. For Laundry, Kitchen, Toilet, Bath, Complexion and Hair. 200 ways to use Borax. Send postal. Pacific Coast Borax Co. 269 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MONITOR INCUBATOR.

Two Medals at World's Fair. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR STAMP. MONITOR INCUBATOR CO., Box 55, Bristol, Ct.

Evergreens

that live and grow is what you want. I sell them Nursery-grown trees, 200, 5 varieties, transplanted evergreens one foot and up, packed and on cars for \$10.00. Greatest bargain ever offered. Smaller lots cheap. Windbreak trees a specialty. Illustrated catalogue free. Local Agents wanted. Mention paper. D. HILL, Evergreen Specialist, Danvers, Ill.



Laughing Camera, 25c.

"Funnier than a Box of Monkeys."

You and your friends grotesquely photographed. Makes stout people look thin and thin people look stout, while all grow fat from laughter. Just out.

By mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Agents wanted. SHAUGHNESSY BROS., 7th Ave. and 130th St., NEW YORK.

New Life

to the Skin means health to the whole body. Perfect health requires a clear, free skin. The pores clogged from any cause are a constant source of danger. Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush by its healthy, urgent action opens the pores and assists them in throwing off the waste which the blood sends to the surface. It quickens the circulation and renewed vigor courses through the body, carrying

STRENGTH TO EVERY MUSCLE.

The Brush used dry will give a delightful "Massage" treatment, causing the muscles to relax and enlivening the circulation. For nervous sufferers or for pain it provides a simple treatment. Unequaled as a "rubbing down" brush for athletes. Made of one piece of rubber, indestructible. Found at dealers or sent on receipt of price.

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush, . . . \$1.50
Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush,50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (large),50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small),25
Bailey's Rubber Manicure,35
Bailey's Complexion Soap,10

Catalogue Free of Everything in Rubber Goods. C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston.

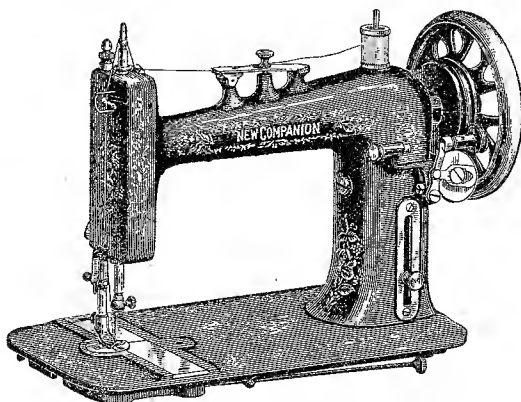
A "CHAUTAUQUA" RECLINING CHAIR FREE, BUILT OF OAK, POLISHED ANTIQUE FINISH, WITH BEAUTIFULLY GRAINED THREE-PLY VENEER BACK. THE SEAT, HEAD AND FOOT RESTS ARE UPHOLSTERED WITH SILK PLUSH.

OR A "CHAUTAUQUA" OIL HEATER FREE, CENTRAL DRAFT ROUND WICK BURNER. ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS. HEIGHT, 3 FEET, DIA. OF DRUM 8 1/2 INCHES; WEIGHT, 30 POUNDS. ONE GALLON KEROSENE LASTS 12 HOURS.

OR A "Chautauqua" Desk FREE, WITH A COMBINATION BOX OF "SWEET HOME" SOAP. MOST POPULAR DESK EVER MADE. SOLID OAK THROUGHOUT, HAND-RUBBED. 5 FEET HIGH, 2 1/2 FEET WIDE, 10 1/2 INCHES DEEP. THE LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAPS, BORAXINE AND "MODJESKA" TOILET ARTICLES, BOUGHT AT RETAIL, WOULD COST, \$40.00. YOU GET ALL FOR \$10.00. WE WILL SEND BOX AND EITHER PREMIUM ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL; IF SATISFACTORY, YOU CAN REMIT \$10.00 IF NOT, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

See COMPANION Oct. 25th and Nov. 29th. THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

The New Companion Sewing Machine.



Freight Paid

\$19

Order NOW in time for Spring Sewing

"I received the NEW COMPANION SEWING MACHINE and I am greatly pleased with it. Those who have seen it think it is equal to the \$55.00 Machine sold here."—VICTORIA GEORGE, Gilberton, Pa.

"I received the NEW COMPANION SEWING MACHINE in good order, and am well pleased with it. It is as good a machine as our local agents sell for \$65.00, and equals them in finish, workmanship, and durability."—C. J. HINDLEY, Blair, Neb.

Send for our Illustrated Pamphlet which will tell you more about the New Companion Sewing Machine.

PERRY MASON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Publishers The Youth's Companion, 201 Columbus Avenue.

HOW TO MAKE A DYNAMO 2 books, with working drawings, 1/4 horse-power size. Price 10c. 1 horse-power, 25c. PUBLISHER PUB. CO., LYNN, MASS.

HATCH CHICKENS BY STEAM. MODEL EXCELSIOR Incubator. Simple, Perfect and Self-Regulating. Thousands in successful use. Send 6c. for Illus. Cat. Circulars free. CRO. H. STAHL, 114 to 122 S. 9th St. Quincy, Ill.

DO YOU WISH to add \$300 to your income? Then write for particulars of greatest offer ever made by any first-class magazine to subscription agents (for six months only). *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, Irvington, N. Y.

The Delicious Fragrance Refreshing coolness and soft beauty imparted to the skin by POZZONI'S POWDER commends it to all ladies.

TRUSSES on 30 Days' Trial.

EASY, DURABLE and CHEAP. A radical Cure effected. Send for Sealed Catalogue. EGGLESTON TRUSS CO., Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

BRASS BAND Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands. LYON & HEALY, 24-26 Adams St., Chicago

HIGHEST GRADE 1895 MODELS BICYCLES FACTORY PRICES WINDSORS run faster, are built stronger, look handsomer, are better than any other make, and cost \$25 to \$50 less. Send stamp for catalogue. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS NOW. SIEG & WALPOLE M'F'G CO., CHICAGO.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING Save money! Makes money printing for others. Type-setting easy, printed rules. Stamp for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, cards, circulars, &c. &c. to factory. Press for printing a small paper \$40. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader \$5.00. RIFLES \$1.75. Watches. BICYCLES \$15.00. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Cata. Powell & Clement Co., 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

NO MORE DULL SHEARS! WRITE The DIAMOND SHEARS and SCISSORS SHARPENER. For Barbers, Tailors, Dressmakers, and every woman in the land. Warranted to sharpen any size Shears or Scissors in 10 seconds. Leaves a keen and lasting edge. Beautifully nickel-plated. Boys and girls make go to \$5 a day after school. Sample by mail, 25 cents. DIAMOND CUTLERY CO., Department 8, 60 Broadway, N. Y. City.

CROUP REMEDY. The only medicine known that will cure Membranous Croup. In a private practice of twenty years it has never failed to cure any kind of Croup. Trial package by mail, 10 cents. Box, 50c. DR. BELDEN PROPRIETARY CO., Jamaica, N. Y.

Coffees, Spices & Extracts direct from Importers to Consumers. For 18 years we have been offering Premiums to Clubs and large buyers of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silver Ware, Table Linen, Lace Curtains, etc., all of our own importation, and bought for Cash direct from manufacturers. Large discounts on goods sold without premiums. Our fully illustrated 150-page Catalogue will interest, and we will be pleased to mail YOU one upon receipt of your address. LONDON TEA CO., 193 Congress St., Boston.

STAMPS! 300 fine mixed Victoria, Cape of G. H. India, Japan, etc., with fine Stamp Album, only 10c. New 80p. Price List free. Agents wanted at 50 per cent. com. STANDARD STAMP CO., 4 Nicholson Pl., St. Louis, Mo. Old U. S. & Conf. Stamps bought.

"Do Not Stammer." Write to JOHNSTON'S PHILADELPHIA, PA. INSTITUTE, for 64-page pamphlet on stammering.

"THOUSANDS ARE USING IT."

Why not get the only PERFECT PENCIL POINTER. See adv. in Jan. 3d number of this paper. Sent express paid for \$1.25. GODDELL CO., Antrim, N. H.

AMBITIOUS YOUTHS

can qualify for the Engineering Professions and support themselves while working at trades. Twenty technical courses. Students make rapid progress in learning to DRAW and LETTER. Send for FREE Circular, stating subject you wish to study to The International Correspondence Schools, SCRANTON, PA.

Beeman's—THE ORIGINAL

Pepsin Gum

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of

and a Chewing Gum

Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package. Beeman Chemical Co., 43 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

How to Make HENS LAY

A book containing much valuable information to poultry raisers will be mailed free on application. It tells you how to make money with hens. WEBSTER & HANNUM, 104 Albany St., Cazenovia, N. Y.

THE RISING SUN

STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish saving of labor, durability, freedom from dust and dirt, and for cheapness. This preparation is truly unrivalled.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish in cakes for general blacking of a stove, for durability and economy. The Sun Paste Polish for an after-dinner shine, to touch up spots, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

Seeds and Bulbs

GIVEN AWAY. The Choicest Collection and best offer ever made. We want every reader of this paper to try this collection: 1 pkt. Lovely Marguerite Carnation, 1 pkt. Fuller's Perfection Pansy, 1 pkt. Snow Queen Pansy, pure satin white, 1 pkt. Balsam, 1 pkt. Floral Park Giant Petal, 1 pkt. Sweet Pea, 1 pkt. Mignonette, 1 pkt. Giant Zinnia, 1 pkt. Poppy Bridesmaid, 1 pkt. Aster, 1 Bulb Lovely Tuberose, 1 Bulb New Seedling Gladioli, 8 Bulbs Oxalis, free bloomers. The above collection, 10 packets seeds, 10 Bulbs and our Bargain Catalogue mailed free on following conditions: Send us 25 cents to pay postage and packing. We will include in each collection a check good for 20 cents.

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

WRINGING WET

Clothes is a part of every wash. Does your wringer wring dry? Do the Rolls wear well? Be sure on both these points, when purchasing a Wringer, by insisting on having the WARRANTED ROLLS of the AMERICAN WRINGER CO., the largest manufacturers of Wringers and Rolls in the world, with a capital of \$2,500,000 back of their warrant. See our name and warrant stamped on Rolls. Books of useful Wringer information FREE. Address, No. 99 CHAMBERS STREET NEW YORK.

LINENE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They are well, look well, and wear well. A Box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-five Cents. A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address, REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. 24 Exchange Pl., Boston.

CUTICURA

WORKS

WONDERS

In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humors of the Skin, Scalp and Blood when all else fails.



AN EARLY GEOLOGIST.

William Buckland was one of the happy men who have a strong natural bent and are able to follow it. The first president of the British Association, and "one of the founders of the science of geology," began his studies early. As he himself said, speaking at Bristol: "The rocks of this city were my geological school. They stared me in the face; they wooed me and caressed me, saying at every turn, 'Pray, pray be a geologist!'" He spoke as an enthusiast; and an enthusiast he was. In those days collectors of rocks, minerals, fossils and the like, were less common than they have since become, and Buckland's queer doings aroused endless curiosity and provoked endless amusement.

While a student at Oxford he passed some of his vacations near Lyme Regis, and for many years the gossip of the neighborhood was full of his remarkable appearance and doings. In particular, the "cluttered" condition of his lodgings was remembered: "His breakfast-table loaded with beefsteaks and belemnites, tea and terebratula, muffins and madrepores, toast and trilobites," the floor and the chairs covered with fossils and books. The confusion was greatest at breakfast-time, that being the only hour when the local collectors, whose services he had enlisted, could be sure of finding him at home to receive what they had brought and pay them for their trouble.

One of his friends even dropped into poetry about the "comforts of a professor's room."

Here see the wrecks of beasts and fishes,
With broken saucers, cups and dishes;
Skins wanting bones, bones wanting skins,
And various blocks to break your skins.

The sage amidst the chaos stands,
Contemplative, with laden hands—
This grasping tight his bread and butter,
And that a tink, whilst he doth utter
Strange sentences that seem to say,
"I see it all as clear as day!"

Once, according to these neighborhood gossips, the youthful geologist, riding upon the mail-coach, dropped his handkerchief and his hat, and when the coach pulled up, he got not only what he had dropped, but an interesting fossil, the sight of which from the coach-top had been the occasion of the "accident."

At another time, when he had fallen asleep upon the coach, after having been collecting specimens for half the night, probably, a kind-hearted old woman relieved his pockets of a quantity of stones with which she happened to see them loaded.

It was at a later period that he was travelling in Ireland with several friends on a hot, dusty day, and came to a fine lot of interesting specimens which had been laid as stepping-stones across a stream. He quickly got them into the carriage, apologizing to his friends at the same time for obliging them to walk the rest of the way. The stones were really too valuable to leave.

At one time, his biographer tells us, he had a favorite horse that seemed to know what her master was about, and even to take an interest in his pursuits. She would stand patiently while he examined sections and strata, and then with equal patience receive the load of specimens which he put upon her. Finally she grew so accustomed to the work that she would stop of her own accord whenever she came to a stone quarry.

Once, at such a quarry, Doctor Buckland was in some danger from falling stones. The bystanders shouted to him to look out, but he answered calmly: "Never mind, the stones know me."

BAD BARGAIN.

Travellers in India need to be very wise or very cautious to withstand the persuasions of gem venders, who besiege them on all sides. Sir William Gregory says that he once met on a steamer a gentleman who wore a very remarkable sapphire ring, at which he could not help looking.

"I see, sir," said the wearer, "that you are looking at my ring. I bought it in Ceylon. Pray look at it, and tell me what you think its value should be."

"It is a very finely colored and perfect stone," said Sir William, "but I am not much of a lapidary, and I could not possibly put a value on it."

"Well, make a guess," said the stranger.

Sir William remembered a sapphire ring in his own family, which was valued at a hundred pounds, and he guessed the same price for the stone before him.

"You are right, sir," said the other. "That was exactly the price demanded for it; but I got it more reasonably. I was on deck when we were leaving Ceylon, and a well-dressed native came up to me and said, mysteriously, 'I have no false jewelry to offer you, sir, but I have come aboard to sell a very fine ring, the property of my brother, who, if he does not sell it to-day, will have to go to jail.' He unrolled the ring from one covering of rags after another.

"I want a hundred pounds for it," said he. "And it's cheap at that."

"I said I would not give so much. He insisted on its cheapness. I said I could not consider half that price."

"We kept on talking, and his price continued to drop until the screw began to move and the boatswain to cry, 'All strangers ashore!' He turned to me then with a look of supplication, and said, 'Well, what will you give?'"

"What I have in my hand," said I. It was half a crown.

"Take the ring," said he.

"May it relieve your brother from going to prison!" was my valedictory salute, as he hurried away.

"This is the story of the ring I wear, and I have found that my friend was no loser by the transaction; for the supposed stone is glass, the supposed gold of the setting is brass, and the whole is worth about eight or ten pence."

OVER-CAREFUL.

Surely a mother can never exercise too much caution in the care of her children! And when she has a nurse for them who is doubly cautious, their well-being is undoubtedly assured.

"What is Willie crying about?" asked Mrs. B— of Bridget, who had the care of the little boy for the afternoon.

"Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go acrost the street to Tommy Brown's."

"Well, why didn't you let him go?"

"They were havin' charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet!"

A THOUGHTFUL observer remarks that there are two classes of people whom it is hard to convince against their will—women and men.

"30 years in my family," Cutler's Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.—Dea. Asa Wilbur, 50c. and 61. [Adv.]

BOOKS STANDARD, REDUCED TO 10c. Catalog free. Popular Book Co., Chicago.

IF YOU WISH to have your School or College expenses paid for you—your tuition, board, clothes, FREE, send 2-cent stamp for pamphlet giving particulars of offer. COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, New York.



Tailor-Made Suits from \$10 up.
Capes, \$4 up. Skirts, \$5 up. Jackets, \$5 up.
Shirt Waists, Silk Waists, Duck Suits.

We have prepared for this Season the most stylish line of Spring and Summer Suits and Wraps that we have ever shown. They are all illustrated and described in our new Spring Catalogue, which is now ready.

We make every garment to order, thus insuring a perfect fit, and prepay all express charges. We will be pleased to send you our Catalogue by return mail, together with a 48-inch tape measure, and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make our garments to select from, on receipt of four cents postage. Among our samples are all the latest materials for Tailor-made Suits, Capes, Jackets, Skirts, Waists, etc. You may select any style and we will make it especially to order for you from any of our materials. We also sell Suitings and Cloakings by the yard at from 30 cents to \$4.00 per yard. Write to-day.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.
152 and 154 West 23d Street, NEW YORK.

Study Law at Home



It was the ambitious young man and woman on the farm, behind the counter, in the mill, in the lawyer's office, in the bank—the man and woman without the opportunity of a college education, that made this method of teaching law a necessity. We offer three courses:—

1. A Preparatory Law Course.
2. A Course Preparing the Student to Practise Law or for General Culture.
3. A Business Law Course for Business Men and Women.

The tuition fee is small, the course complete, the result perfect. Nicely printed catalogues explain the courses. They can be had for the asking. Address:

THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW,
No. 36 Telephone Build'g, Detroit, Mich.

Illustrated Manual giving designs and full directions for making fancy and useful articles in both Knitting and Crochet.

Send five 2-cent stamps.

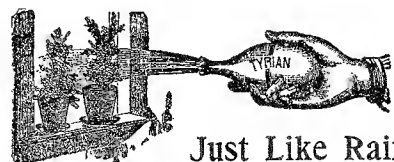
M. HEMMWAY & SONS SILK CO.,
74-76 Greene St., New York.

If you so Request

We will send free, a complete guide to Rose Culture, handsomely illustrated, which also includes descriptions of every other flower of worth, and include copy of our floral magazine, "Success with Flowers." We do this to make you acquainted with the famous D. & C. ROSES. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., WEST GROVE, PA.

The word "TYRIAN" on Rubber Goods is a guarantee of their quality.

"Tyrian" Plant Sprinkler



Just Like Rain

in Nature's own way, either in house or garden.

You can sprinkle your plants or flowers very quickly without injuring them or soaking the earth, and without soiling everything else near.

Sold at seed, drug and rubber stores. If you fail to find it, we will send on 8-c. size, post-paid, for regular price, 75 cts.

Under our trade-mark "TYRIAN" we manufacture a full line of Druggists' Rubber Goods.

Our pamphlet, "WORTH READING," free.

TYER RUBBER CO., Andover, Mass.

It's so Easy to Light

The "B & H" Lamp

AND IT GIVES SUCH Perfect Light,

are two of the reasons why so many are sold by Leading Dealers.

Send for our little Book which tells more about this wonderful Lamp.

BRADLEY & HUBBARD MFG. CO.,
NEW YORK. BOSTON. CHICAGO.
Factories: MERIDEN, CONN.

THE GREATEST OF ALL OATS

ILLINOIS

FIELDS OVER 100 BUSHELS PER ACRE

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED

Live Seeds.

MONEY IN OATS can be made by planting Buckbee's Illinois. (Further information given free.) Sample quart post-paid 50c.

"Prize Medal Collection," 35 Earliest and Best varieties of Vegetable Seed, post-paid \$1.00.

"Children's Collection," 12 Rare and Beautiful sorts of Flower Seed, post-paid 25c.

Most Attractive and Instructive Buyer's Catalogue included with any of the above Special Offers.

Every Seed and Plant Buyer should have a copy—Free to all intending purchasers. Send your address on a postal to-day.

H. W. BUCKBEE, Rockford Seed Farms, Rockford, Ill.
P. O. Box 575.

The Stomach and Liver

Can be kept in perfect order by the use of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient,

A Preventative of and Cure for

Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headache and Indigestion.

50 Cents and \$1.00. All Druggists.

TARRANT COMPANY, CHEMISTS, NEW YORK.

A New Spring Dress for 10 Cents.

All the Standard Colors are Included Among

Diamond Dyes.

Ladies find the colors strong, beautiful and absolutely fast, and know that home dyeing is a success if done with the reliable DIAMOND DYES. Don't forget that DIAMOND DYES color anything any color.

"It's Easy to Dye" with Diamond Dyes.

Book of Directions and 40 samples of Colored Cloth free; also beautiful Birthday Card to all babies under two years of age. Write to-day before they are gone.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

PRETTY GIRLS are getting plenty, and it is fashionable to be

HEALTHY and STRONG

MODERN Ideas of HEALTHFUL Dress are Perfected in

Ferris' Good Sense Corset Waist.

For LADIES, MISSES, CHILDREN.

Sold by all Leading Retailers. Send for Circular.

FERRIS BROS. 341 Broadway, New York.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Hill's Balcony Clothes Dryer

for the convenience of those not having a yard. The swinging arm will support a ton's weight at the outer end.

SIMPLE and INEXPENSIVE.

Champion Yard Dryer.

Does away with the unsightly poles and always ready for immediate use.

AGENTS WANTED.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

HILL DRYER COMPANY, Worcester, Mass.

TELEGRAPH

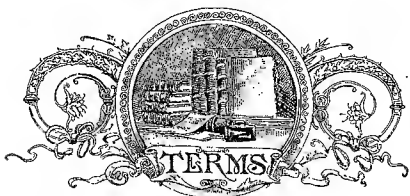
OPERATORS earn good pay the year around. They also Ride Free on Railroads. The work is pleasant and promotion sure. For 25 years we have been teaching Telegraphy and starting our graduates in the service. Have so started thousands and will do the same by you if you give us the opportunity. Nine-tenths of the Presidents, Managers and Superintendents of American Railways began as Telegraph Operators. It don't cost much to learn. Why don't you learn it? Our Illustrated Catalogue tells all about it, and we mail it free.

VALENTINES' SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Janesville, Wis.

STAHL'S EXCELSIOR

Spraying Outfits kill insects, prevent leaf blight and wormy fruit. Insure a heavy yield of all fruit and vegetable crops. Thousands in use. Send 6 cts. for catalog and full treatise on spraying.

WILLIAM STAHL, QUINCY, ILL.



The Youth's Companion is an illustrated weekly paper of eight pages. Its subscription price is \$1.75 a year, payable in advance.

Twelve or Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue of the paper. All additional pages over eight—which is the number given for \$1.75—are a gift to the subscribers from the publishers.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Money for Renewals should be sent by each subscriber directly to this office. We do not request Agents to collect money for renewals of subscriptions.

Payment for The Companion, when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-Office Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, or an Express Money-Order. WHEN NONE OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, send the money in a Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Silver should never be sent through the mail. It is almost sure to wear a hole through the envelope and be lost, or else it is stolen. Persons who send silver to us in a letter must do it on their own responsibility.

Renewals.—Three weeks are required after the receipt of money by us before the date opposite your name on your paper, which shows to what time your subscription is paid, can be changed.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

Returning your paper will not enable us to discontinue it, as we cannot find your name on our books unless your Post-office address is given.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Caution against paying money to strangers to renew subscriptions. Renewals of subscriptions to The Companion by the payment of money to strangers should not be made. If subscribers do this it must be at their own risk.

We have a few Agents who take new subscriptions. Of these Agents new subscriptions can be ordered, but no payment of money should be made to them until the person who subscribes has received the paper for from one to two months. The receiving of the paper for that length of time will be a guarantee of the honesty of the Agent—and then money can be paid to him.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to

PERRY MASON & COMPANY,
The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.
201 Columbus Avenue.

A PERFECT DIET.

Man in his primitive condition finds in the fruits of the chase the means of satisfying his hunger. When he possesses food, he eats it, and no thought of its giving him distress enters his mind.

The conventionalities of civilized life convert man into a different being. Like animals caged and domesticated, he finds living an easier matter, perhaps, but like them, he suffers the penalties of an artificial existence. In other words, a decreasing indulgence in physical exercise in the open air brings its natural effect—disease.

Chief among the diseases which our civilized habits induce, are those of the digestive organs, since the organs of digestion are those which most require an abundance of physical activity for their perfect health and tone. Since, therefore, stomach troubles are so common, it has become a habit of many people to "diet."

Every prudent man wishes to know what will "best agree" with him, and after no matter how many experiments, every man finds that all systems of dieting fall short of perfection.

Few of us inherit digestive organs of perfect functional activity; fewer still find it possible to live "normal" lives. Hence, a careful and proper method of eating is a necessity for most people of the nineteenth century.

Quantity is an important element of the question. Nature requires a certain bulk of food material. In health, therefore, one must at times eat other things besides the most nourishing, else the diet will be too much restricted. A variety of foods—the greater the better, within reasonable limits—is better than too much or too frequent indulgence in a few articles.

Thorough mastication is essential to good digestion. This is conducive to deliberate eating, as well as to a better preparation of the food for subsequent digestive action. Mr. Gladstone is said to have enjoyed his long-continued good health by having adopted early in life a habit of taking twenty-five bites to each morsel of meat.

Those whose digestive organs are enfeebled derive the most nourishment from milk, or from a diet composed of ground beef, toast or thinly sliced bread and hot water. Proper supplementary exercises should be added by the physician.

A perfect dietary includes more than a mere attention to foods and drinks. It involves, for instance, regular out-of-door exercise as a stimulation to the action of the stomach.

BICYCLES AND HORSES.

The authors of "Across Asia on a Bicycle" naturally find frequent occasion to describe the astonishment of the people at sight of the strange "seat-sitting, foot-moving machines," as they were called in the passports of the strangers. The people themselves exercised their own ingenuity in naming the wonderful things. "Foreign horses," "flying machines," "self-moving carts," "devil's horses"—these were a few of their designations, while one Chinaman was overheard describing them to a neighbor as "little mules that you can drive by the ears, and kick in the sides to make them go."

Everywhere the natives were astonished at the speed of the new machines. In Turkey, the travellers, somewhat against their will, were often attended by a mounted guard, or zaptieh. While his horse was fresh, and he was in sight of the village, he would urge the strangers forward with cries of "Come on! come on!"

When a bad piece of road or a steep ascent obliged the wheelmen to dismount, he would bring his horse to a walk, roll a cigarette, and draw invidious comparisons between the foreign machines and his horse. But when a decline was reached, or

a good stretch of comparatively smooth road, he changed his tune. A way he would dash across the country to head off the wheelmen, or he would shout after them at the top of his voice, "Slowly! Slowly!"

On the road between Samarkand and Kuldja, a Cossack courier became so interested in the bicycles that he kept with them all one day, over a distance of fifty-five miles. It was a hard day's work for him, and again and again he shouted:

"Slowly, gentlemen, my horse is tired; the town is not far away; it is not necessary to hurry so."

"In fact," our authors say, "in all our experience we found no horse of even the famed Kirghiz or Turkoman breed that could travel with the same ease and rapidity as ourselves, even over the most ordinary road."

THE PEOPLING OF OUR CONTINENT.

All visitors to Oregon and the state of Washington are impressed by two things which possess a particular degree of magnificence—the Columbia River and the remarkable chain of extinct volcanoes comprising Mount Tacoma, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens and other great peaks.

This part of our country we are accustomed to regard as having a great future in store. But, in one sense, its past may have been no less great. According to the investigations of Professor Morgan, Professor Mason and others, it was here that the centre of migration existed from which the American continent was peopled by Asiatics thousands of years before Europeans began to cross the Atlantic.

Professor Mason has lately shown that there is a kind of pathway across the Pacific which follows the shortest course, a great circle of the globe, and leads from the Malay archipelago to the Columbia River basin. It skirts the shore of Asia on one side, and that of North America on the other, being thus a safe course for voyages at a time when the art of navigation was in its infancy.

If this theory is correct, a very interesting, though perfectly natural, fact comes to light; the region which was the centre of operations during the peopling of America from Asia has been almost the last to experience the development that has followed the re-peopling of the continent from Europe. But its great natural features are as admirable now as they must have been then.

TELEGRAPHING WITH A STEAM-WHISTLE.

While Edison, then a boy, was living in Port Huron, he found one of those opportunities to distinguish himself that seem to be always falling in the way of some men. The anecdote is related in "The Life and Inventions of Edison," recently published.

It was near the end of an exceptionally severe winter, and the ice had formed in such masses as to sever the cable between Port Huron and the Canadian city of Sarnia. The river, a mile and a half wide, was impassable, and multitudes of people were greatly inconvenienced.

Edison, who had just learned to telegraph, saw a way out of the difficulty. Jumping upon a railway engine, he began to whistle in the rhythmic cadences of the Morse alphabet:

"Hullo, Sarnia! Sarnia, do you get what I say?"

No answer. Again and again the short and the long toots shaped themselves into the dots and dashes of telegraphy, and finally some one on the other side became alive to their meaning. The answer came back, clear and cheery, and communication between the two cities was resumed.

A DANGEROUS MISTAKE.

Captain Forsyth, while conservator of forests in central India, had four spaniels, "Quail," "Snipe," "Nell" and "Jess," over which he used to shoot quail and partridge. The spaniels were also famous ratters, and on one occasion came near being "wiped out" by indulging their ruling passion.

The captain was shooting quail in a grain-field, with his spaniels, when on a sudden they began to jump violently about, snapping at what seemed to be a large rat. But on going nearer, the captain made out that it was a huge cobra, erect on his coil, and striking right and left at the dogs.

Pelting off the dogs with clods of earth, the captain cut off the snake's head with a charge of shot, and found that the reptile had been in the act of swallowing a rat. The hind legs and tail were protruding from his jaws, so that his repeated lunges at the dogs had been harmless.

SURE SIGN.

When you see a rabbit's track in the snow you may be certain the rabbit has been there. Circumstantial evidence of that kind is equivalent to proof.

A country minister, according to an exchange, remarked to his wife Sunday noon: "There was a stranger in church this morning." "What did he look like?" asked the wife, who was a woman first and a minister's wife afterward. "I didn't see him." "Then how do you know there was a stranger there?" "I found a dollar-bill in the contribution-box."

SIMPLE.

A conjurer is naturally supposed to be the cleverest man in the company. Sometimes, however, he is only next to the cleverest.

One evening, a man was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket-handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in fun: "Say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course she can!" replied the boy. "Why, how is that?" asked the conjurer. "She keeps ducks!" replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.

THE SAFE SIDE.

Little Bertram is a bold boy, and spends much of his time in parading up and down with a fierce expression on his face. One day his uncle asked him:

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" "Soldier, of course!" "But you might get killed." "Who'd kill me?" "The enemy, naturally." "Then I'll be the enemy!"

AN exchange suggests that so far the principal trouble with all flying-machines has been a defective few.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocaine. [Adv.]

STAMPS Approval sheets 40 to 50 per cent. commission. 20-page 1895 price-list free. E. A. HOLTON, 8 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

TELEPHONES

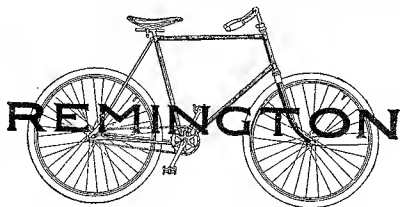
Free to any address. A complete illustrated manual describing construction and operation of Telephone and Telegraph lines, cost of all apparatus and material required. J. H. Bunnell & Co., 76 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

SOME ARCHITECTS

Plan 17-Story Buildings. I never have; but I do draw little, cheap cottages, and beautiful ones. Nowadays one likes even a \$300 building to have a tasteful and artistic effect. I believe I have been more successful with these than many of my competitors, and people who buy my book and order plans from me say I am right. My book, "PICTURESQUE COTTAGES," contains perspectives, floor plans and descriptions of homes and summer houses costing from \$300 to \$1,500. It gives correct estimates and careful descriptions. It is without a competitor in its field, and if you want to build a house at sea-shore or mountains, or for a cottage home, which because of its beauty will be a joy forever, send for this book. Price by mail, 50 cents. Also a SCORE OF STABLE SKETCHES, 50 cents. E. E. HOLMAN, Architect, 1020 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Is It Strange

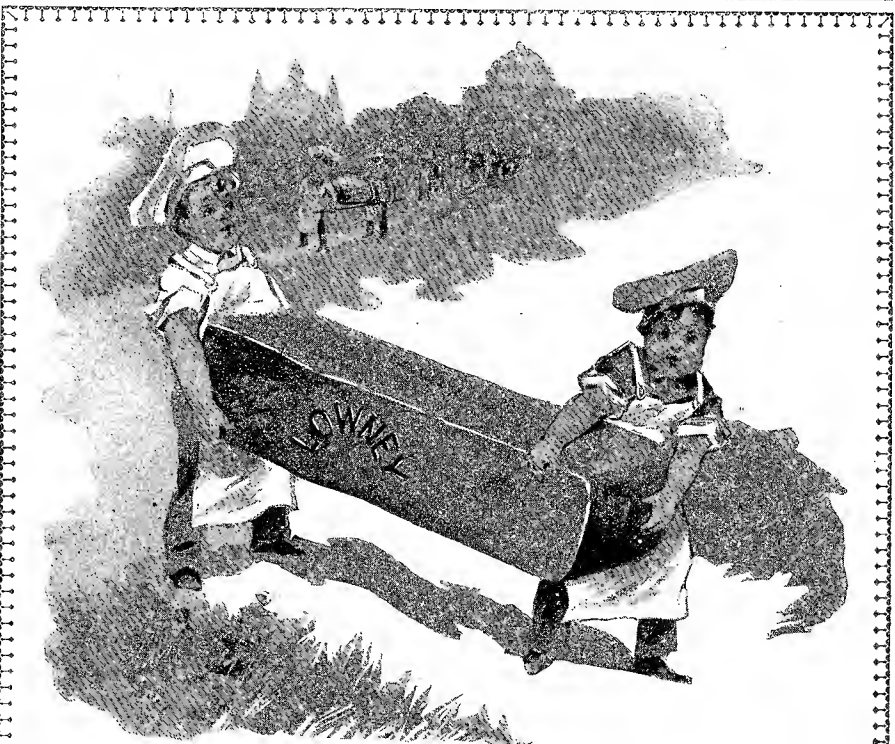
that the manufacturers producing the finest rifles and guns should make



the finest Bicycles? "Remington reputation" is back of every one.

Prices \$100, \$90, \$75. 26-inch Juvenile, \$50. Latest improvements—exclusively "Remington."

REMINGTON ARMS CO., Established 1816, 315 Broadway, N. Y. City. Send for 1895 catalogue.



LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS

"NAME ON EVERY PIECE."

Best in the World. Sold Everywhere.

The Walter M. Lowney Co. make more Chocolate Confections than any other house in the United States.

Send 10 Cents in Stamps for Sample package.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 120 High St., BOSTON.

O'Neill's

6TH AVENUE, 20th. TO 21st. STREET,
NEW YORK.


Importers and Retailers.

Fine Millinery, Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods, Cloaks, Costumes,
House Furnishings, China,
Glassware, Furniture, Etc.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE are now booking names for our Spring and Summer Illustrated Catalogue, ready April 1st, and mailed free to out-of-town residents. Send for a copy.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 6th Avenue, 20th to 21st St., NEW YORK.



BUTTERMILK
Toilet Soap
FOR THE
Complexion Toilet & Bath

NOTE
STYLE

BUTTERMILK
TOILET SOAP

TAKE
NO
OTHER

EXCELS ANY HIGH PRICED SOAP
OVER SIX MILLION BARS SOLD IN 1894
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT POPULAR PRICES.
COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO. CHICAGO

Bicycling Is Like Flying

You have longed for the wings of a bird?
They are yours for

\$100,

the price of one of the famous **Columbia Bicycles**. Light, strong, swift, beautiful—a Columbia will carry you easily where your will directs—and bring you safe home again. All that human ingenuity can do to make a bicycle perfect is represented in the Columbia.

Ride a Columbia

Unequalled, Unapproached.

Lower-priced machines, yet of remarkable quality, are **Hartford** bicycles, \$80 \$60 (\$50 for boys' and girls' sizes). Columbia Catalogue tells of all models of the famous Columbias and the Hartfords. This beautiful book is free at any Columbia agency, or it will be mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,
GENERAL OFFICES AND FACTORIES, HARTFORD, CONN.

Branches:
Boston, New York, Chicago, Providence, Buffalo,
San Francisco.



Looking Forward!

If you ride this year you want the **BEST**. We are the largest Bicycle Manufacturers in the World and can therefore make the **Best Prices**.

MONEY CANNOT BUY BETTER WHEELS THAN

Crescent Bicycles.

They are made of the finest material obtainable and skilled labor is employed in their construction. Newest Designs—Perfect in Every Detail—Strictly High-Grade—Fully Guaranteed.

Crescent Scorcher, 20 lbs., \$90.

Men's and Ladies', **\$75.00** Youths' and Misses', **\$50.00** Boys' and Girls', **\$40.00**

Reliable Agents wanted where we are not now represented. Catalogue Free.

Factory, Chicago, Ill. **WESTERN WHEEL WORKS.** Eastern Branch, 35 Barclay St., N. Y.

Alfred Peats Prize Wall Papers

Samples Free and our illustrated "Guide How to Paper and Economy in Home Decoration," to any one sending us a description of the different rooms they are going to paper, their height, colors desired, etc.

More than 900 Professional and Amateur Designers competed for the \$1000 offered by us last Fall for the best designs for Wall Paper.

These Prize Designs Are Now Ready.

As they are exclusive patterns, they can only be purchased of us or our Agents. They represent the height of American Art in Wall Paper Decoration, both in color and design, and will give a refinement to your rooms which other papers cannot furnish.

The New York World Says: "They are among the handsomest papers ever produced by American machinery, and the prices are very low."

The Chicago Inter Ocean Says: "They are among the handsomest Wall Papers that will be in the market the coming season."

The Philadelphia Press Says: "The most beautiful and best made Wall Papers that will be offered to the public this year."

Get the Best direct from the manufacturers at lowest Prices, ranging from **15 to 30c.** for the different prize designs. In addition to these patterns we have **One Million** rolls of Wall Paper for Parlors, Halls, Bedrooms, Kitchens, Offices, Churches and Public Buildings, from **3c.** a roll up.

Agents Make Money selling our Wall Papers. If you have the time to spare and will take an interest in selling our Prize Designs and other papers, send \$1.00 for

Agents' Sample Books, together with your references. We have two of the largest Warehouses in the United States. In ordering send to nearest address.

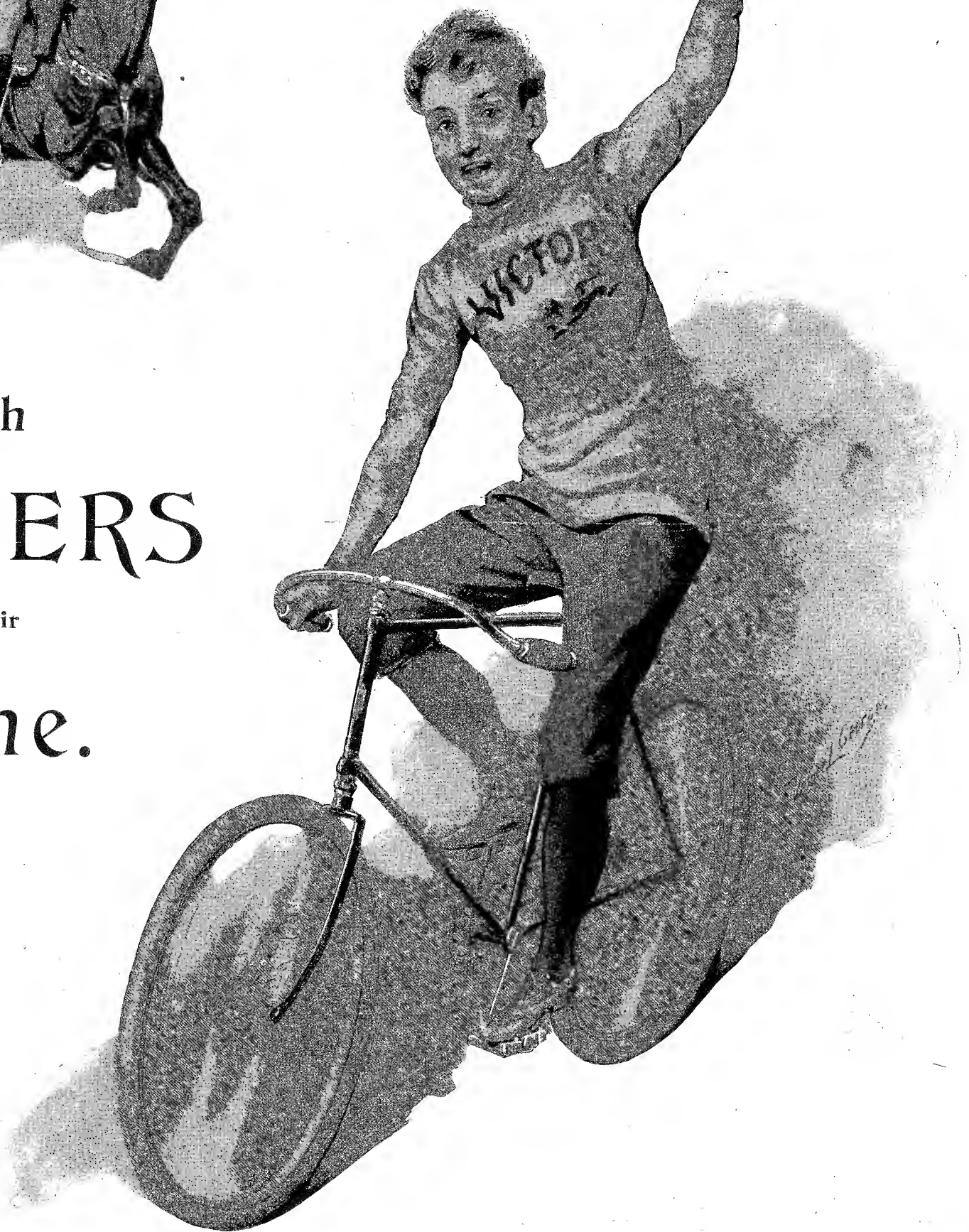
ALFRED PEATS, 41 & 43 West 14th St., NEW YORK.
136 & 138 West Madison St., CHICAGO.

Victors

OF TWO CENTURIES



Both
LEADERS
of their
Time.



Overman Wheel Company,
Makers of Victor Bicycles.

Boston.

New York.

Chicago.

Detroit.

Denver.

Pacific Coast:

San Francisco.

Los Angeles.

Portland.